THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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"TELL ME SOMETHING."

BY K * * *.

Shall I tell you of the flowers
That a hundred happy hours
Have made brighter with their sunshine,
Have made sweeter with their dew;
Till each golden bee that flyeth
To their whisper quaint replyeth,
And to some bright blossom hieth,
Saying, "*Sweet, I love but you!*"

Shall I tell you—nay, I need not—
For you know the bee's a rover,
And before the summer's over
He will taste of many a flower;
He will know which rose is sweetest,
Just which flower is completest,
But—to each one he will whisper,
"Sweet, O sweet, I love but you!"

Nay—I'll tell you something better—
How life is a golden letter,
Which the heart that loveth truly
Is the only one to read:
There are odds and ends of laughter,
There are sighs that wander after,
There are bits of strange belief, and
Glimpses of a broader creed.

There are lonely days of longing,
There are bright-winged fancies thronging
Through the silence of the night-time,
When the stars light up the blue:
There are thoughts that grow still sweeter—
And the spirit-wings are fleeter—
When the kindly heart that readeth,
Sayeth, "*Friend, I love but you!*"

THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE;" "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;" "BAFFLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;" "THE WRONGED HEIRESS;" ETC., ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 45. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

She threw up the sash and looked out. The dark outlines of a man's figure could be seen standing in the path below.

CHAPTER XII.

TREACHERY.

On reaching the house, Dora led the way to a handsome chamber, furnished in walnut and crimson velvet, where damask curtains, fantastically wreathed with lace, were drawn back from the lofty windows, letting in a flood of wine-red light.

"I must play the role of hostess," said Dora, in answer to Bernice's wondering look. "Mr. Lasalle would wish it. In his name I place this room at your disposal."

The girl recoiled, half involuntarily.

"I can't remain here as *his* guest," she cried. "Indeed, indeed, I cannot."

"Humph. Why not—pray let me ask?"

"Because—because——"

She stopped, flushed guiltily, and could not go on.

"That blush tells me the whole story," said Dora, affecting a light tone and manner. "Mr. Lasalle has been making love to you. Don't attempt a denial. It isn't strange. I doubt if ever before millowner could boast of so lovely an operative. His infatuation is quite excusable."

Then, bending nearer, she kissed Bernice upon each of her flaming cheeks.

"I do not wish him to love me; indeed, I do not, Dora."

"Pshaw! As if you could help his likes or dislikes! And what have they to do with your coming or going? Here you are, and here you must remain unless you wish to mortally offend me just at the time when I wish most to be your friend, and atone for my former coldness."

"I may not be welcome."

"I know better."

Dora shrugged somewhat impatiently as she made this reply. "Don't say another word," she added, "but try to make yourself perfectly at home. Of course you will wish a change of raiment. Anything in my wardrobe is wholly at your service."

Bernice could no longer demur. Or, rather, she was too tired, too much exhausted to hold out against the stronger will of her companion.

She threw herself on a yielding couch of softest velvet, while Dora was gone to ransack her wardrobe, and in spite of her troubles and the anxieties that still beset her, soon fell into a deep and restful slumber.

When she awoke Dora was sitting beside her, staring at her sweet face with eyes that half-concealed, half-expressed the hatred and enmity still lurking in the beautiful woman's heart.

Bernice shivered, and quickly averted her face. In spite of Dora's extreme cordiality, a vague uneasiness, almost a foreboding of coming misfortune, chilled her spirit in that first waking moment.

"How long have I slept?" she murmured.

"Half an hour, perhaps. I would not go away for fear of disturbing you. I hope you feel rested?"

"Thank you—yes."

Rising, she walked to the window and lifted the curtains of heavy damask. Over the purple hills, the wide landscape, the charming little village of Millbrook, and all the peaceful scene streamed the sunshine, in a flood of amber. A sudden exclamation escaped her lips.

"You must be mistaken in the length of time I was sleeping. It is nearly mid-day."

"It is possible," said Dora, coolly. "Mr. Saul must be waiting for me. He will wonder why we do not join him in the drawing-room, as we promised."

An odd smile curled Dora's lip.

"We will go down as soon as you have made your toilet. Let me assist you. We will dispense with the services of a maid to-day."

Bernice was quickly attired in a dainty blue and white wrapper of Dora's, which became her wonderfully.

"It is just the thing for you," her false friend had said. "Of course yours is the invalid's role for the present, and nobody will expect to see you in full dress."

But the artful creature had a different motive when she made the selection. If Bernice looked almost irresistible in this *negligé* costume, how much more beautiful she was likely to appear in full dress?

When they reached the drawing-room, some one rose up from the deep bay window, and came forward to meet them.

"O, Mr. Saul," said Bernice, "I hope you have not grown very impatient because——"

She stopped abruptly. A burning tide of crimson swept over her face, and then receded, leaving it very pale. It was Mr. Lasalle who confronted her.

Mr. Lasalle, with his eyes aflame, and a feverish eagerness, which he made no effort to conceal, in all his countenance and his excited manner.

"Dear Miss Vance," he said, taking both her hands and almost crushing them within his own, "it is a real pleasure to have you with us again—to see you here, safe and well."

"How did you know?" she faltered.

"That you were here? Miss Raymond told me. I know the peril from which you have been so happily delivered. I cannot be too thankful for your escape."

There was a quiver in his voice that said more than the words themselves. He looked as if he longed to take her in his arms and smother her with kisses and caresses.

Dora turned on them, almost sharply.

"I saw Mr. Lasalle for a moment, when I left you to repose, Bernice."

Then she suddenly bit her lip. How could she have seen the mill-owner if he were in the fir-plantation, as she had told Mr. Saul and Bernice in the garden?—Would the poor, deceived girl notice the discrepancy?

But Bernice was thinking of something else just then. She drew her hand away from Lasalle's clinging grasp, and glanced around the room.

"Where is Mr. Saul?" she asked.

"Who?" demanded Lasalle, looking surprised and at a loss.

"Mr. Saul. The gentleman who gave me liberty once again. He came to Millbrook with me. Have you not seen him?"

"No," was the unhesitating answer. "I never heard of him before."

Dora was smoothing out her silken draperies with a nervous movement. She now looked up.

"I did not tell Mr. Lasalle the particulars of your escape, Bernice. I could not, because you had not confided them to me. I merely said you had been held a prisoner by some wicked people, from whom you had, at last, escaped."

"Would it had been my hand that restored you to your friends," whispered Lasalle, giving her an ardent glance. "I have been searching for you everywhere."

She did not heed him. Wildly, wonderingly, her eyes swept over his face, and then sought Dora's.

"What does it mean?" she gasped.—"Where is Mr. Saul? Ah, just heaven! Something dreadful has happened to him!"

She wrung her hands in unfeigned distress, for she suddenly remembered how her noble preserver had seemed to be environed by deadly enemies. Was it possible he had fallen into their power again?

The thought was madness. He had been so good, so true, so kind to her that she loved him as more than an ordinary friend already.

"Find him!" she cried, clutching eagerly at Lasalle's sleeve. "He may be waiting in the grounds. He remained there to look for you."

"For me?" in a surprised echo.

"Yes," said Dora, stepping nearer. "It is all my fault. I sent him to the fir-plantation. I thought I saw you walk in that direction."

Lasalle still looked perplexed.

"It's a mistake," he said. "I have not been to the fir-plantation to-day. But," looking steadfastly at Bernice, "if any friend of yours is there, I will quickly find him and bring him to the house."

"A very dear friend," she said, "I owe him everything. He saved me from the wretches who would have robbed and ill-treated me. He brought me back to Millbrook. I can never forget his goodness, or cease to be grateful."

"Enough," returned Lasalle.

With two or three long strides, he gained the door. At that same instant it was opened from without, and a servant appeared with a letter.

"A strange gentleman gave it to me," he said, glancing quickly at Dora, and then away again, as if there were some secret understanding between the two. "It is for the young lady who arrived this morning."

"For me!" exclaimed Bernice, breathing a long sigh of relief.

She eagerly unfolded the letter—or note, it might more properly be called. It was written in pencil on the blank leaf of a pocket diary, and contained only these words:

"My dear young lady, since leaving you I have decided not to trespass upon the hospitality of Mr. Lasalle. I have friends in the vicinity to whom I can go for the present; but I shall make it my duty and pleasure to see you very soon again. Until then, adieu."

Not a word more. No name, no address. Bernice could not doubt, however, but that the note was from Saul.

"Is the gentleman who left this still in the grounds?" she asked, addressing the servant.

"No, miss," was the reply, after another swift glance in Dora's direction. "He has been gone a full half hour."

"Why was not the note delivered sooner?" demanded Lasalle, angrily.

"I gave it to one of the maids, and she neglected to bring it up."

"Humph. You may go."

He took one or two hasty strides up and down the floor, when the servant had departed. An ominous frown contracted his brow. Every now and then he glanced sharply at Dora, as if not quite convinced whether he had better accuse her of double-dealing or not.

The latter was bland and smiling as ever. With an air of perfect unconcern, she took the note from Bernice's trembling fingers, saying, "Please permit me," and read it aloud.

"Good," she said, then. "Of course you have nothing more to fear in regard to this Mr. Saul. He seems to be as safe and sound as yourself. I do wish, though, he had remained."

"So do I," said Bernice, sighing.

She tried to think all was right, and as it should be. But, in spite of herself, that vague, undefinable fear which had haunted her all through, now thumped harder than ever at her heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

MANŒUVRING.

Lasalle's heavy tramp, tramp, died away presently. He came and stood beside her, with his hand laid upon her shoulder. A dark flush colored his face.

"I am your friend, Bernice," he said, looking straight beyond her, and at Dora, with something that might have been a threat, in his eyes. "I'm your friend, whether you believe it or not, and I swear anybody who harms you, will have me to settle with afterwards."

His teeth dropped together with a clash that made the words emphatic.

Dora smiled, half in disdain.

"What *do* you mean?" she said. "Bernice is safe enough now. It is too late for threats and high-sounding words. No harm can reach the poor darling while she remains with us."

Stooping, she kissed Bernice's lips and cheeks with quite a show of affection.

"No harm *shall* reach her," muttered Lasalle, between his half-shut teeth.

"I ought to be very grateful," murmured Bernice, with a forced smile. "You are all so kind to me. I ought to thank God for such friends, and I do thank Him."

The door opened, while she was speaking, and Jasper Layton entered the drawing-room.

At sight of Bernice sitting there, he drew back, with an involuntary cry. Then, his handsome face flushing purple, he recovered himself, and advanced quickly to her side.

"This is a surprise," he said. "We were mourning you as lost, Miss Vance. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to find you here."

He warmly grasped her hand, and Bernice felt herself quiver with an ecstatic yet indefinable thrill at the clasp of those strong, magnetic fingers. She looked up at him, white and palpitating.

Jasper himself was not very calm. He had not forgotten his strange interest in this beautiful girl's fate. He had been harrassed by a thousand fears on her account. It was a blessed relief to see her once again, and know that she was safe.

His betrothed, sitting a little apart, and staring steadily into their agitated faces, read in both what she would sooner not have seen there.

"Love is a mystery," she thought, bitterly. "Let people sneer as they will, such a thing as love at first sight is known to some experiences. These two greeting fools have only met once or twice, and yet they would love each other madly if they dared."

But she hid her dark, revengeful thoughts behind a smiling face—vengeful, we repeat; for she was insane enough to have torn her rival from limb to limb, could it have been done with safety.

"You did not know, Jasper, that dear Bernice had returned to us?" she said, softly.

"No. I have been out all the morning. I had heard nothing."

He forced himself to speak calmly; but the joy that irradiated his face was too intense to be hidden easily. No thought of disloyalty to Dora entered his mind. Indeed, he did not think of her at all.

"Sit down," said Lasalle, in his coldest voice. "Miss Vance shall tell us all that has happened to her. I am sure we have the right to know."

"Ay," returned Jasper, slowly, "and to punish her enemies."

"Of course. *That* shall be my duty," with a disagreeable emphasis upon the pronoun.

In a few well-chosen words, Bernice related much that happened to her, carefully suppressing, she scarcely knew why, all mention of Captain Marthe's name, however.

"This house by the river," said Jasper, when she had concluded, "I think I remember it. Please describe it as well as you are able."

Bernice did so. Jasper and Lasalle looked at each other in ominous silence a moment.

"That infamous haunt shall be broken up," cried the latter at last; and he muttered an oath in the same breath.

"Ay," said Jasper, his eyes flashing. "The villains attempted a daring game. For my part, I am free to confess I do not understand it. But s' *imports*. They shall suffer for their temerity."

An anxious expression flitted over Dora's face, but it soon vanished.

"Captain Marthe and Bill will know better than to take Saul back to the old rendezvous," she thought.

It was this that troubled her—the dread lest the man calling himself Saul should be released again.

After a moment's thinking, Jasper, who had sat with his head dropped into his hands, produced the crumpled letter he had found the morning subsequent to Bernice's abduction.

"Do you recognize this?" he asked.

A slight spasm contracted the muscles of her face.

"It is the letter Captain Mar——" She stopped suddenly. "It is the forged letter that drew me to Millbrook Crossing," she said, in an agitated voice.

"I was sure of it. It was this letter that led us to suspect foul play—at least it confirmed our suspicions. And let me tell you why I have spoken of it at all. There is a name mentioned in the third paragraph that has been carefully erased. Whose name is it?"

Bernice remembered perfectly. It was Dora Raymond's. She looked up swiftly. Something in Dora's face caused her to draw back in sharp recoil.

"I can not tell you," she stammered.

Jasper seemed surprised at her refusal. He studied her expression a moment, and then said:

"Excuse me. My only motive in pressing the matter was to get at the bottom of this iniquitous business. We are determined to trace out your enemies and bring them to punishment."

"Ay," muttered Lasalle, doggedly.

"I do not wish it," said Bernice, tremblingly. "Let them rest. God will mete out their just dues in His own time. I am content to wait. Indeed, indeed," speaking with feverish energy, "I would much rather you did not seek to avenge my wrongs."

It was still the expression of Dora's face that caused her to put in this plea, though she was hardly conscious of it herself. What did Dora know of Bill or old Meg? To be sure Captain Marthe was an old acquaintance of her's; but it was very unlikely she had ever heard so much as the names of the other two.

"Is my old distrust of Dora coming back again?" thought Bernice.

She soon became conscious that Jasper was watching her curiously. "Of course I must yield to your wishes in this matter," he said at last, in a low voice. "But I would be glad of permission to punish the wretches as they deserve."

"I shall not grant it," she returned, smiling.

"Who would have believed you to be such a tyrant?"

Then they both laughed, and fell to chatting upon other subjects.

Dora remained near, alert, observant. She saw the ready sympathy which these congenial natures were unable to withhold from each other, and her fair brow clouded over.

Presently she drew Jasper to one side, under pretext of examining some prints that lay upon a table in one of the deep window-recesses.

"I know you are surprised to meet Miss Vance in this house," she said, watching him askance. "But the riddle is easily read."

He gave her a swift glance and asked:

"Will you read it to me?"

"Is it necessary, Jasper? Your eyes are keener than mine. You must surely have discovered what was long since patent to me."

"Excuse me. I am unpardonably dull."

Dora bit her lip angrily. She felt irritated almost beyond control.

"Our host is desperately in love with Bernice."

"Yes."

"He is a millionaire, you know. Of course it will be a match."

Jasper looked away, and began to tap the carpet absently with his foot.

"That does not follow as a matter of course, at least I cannot see that it does," he said, in a slow, measured way. "Mr. Lasalle's passion does not seem to be reciprocated."

"Bah!" laughed Dora. "How stupid you are, Jasper. Let us grant that Miss Vance has not lost heart, as yet; what difference does it make? She is poor, and clever enough to look after her own interests, in spite of her innocent appearance. Think you she would suffer such a prize to slip through her fingers?"

"Not if she considered Mr. Lasalle a prize," was the dry response.

"Most girls would," with a shrugh.

"Granted."

"You thought Miss Vance different from the majority of her sex?"

Dora dropped her eyes while asking this question, and modulated her voice to its softest accents, the better to hide the irritation she really felt.

"I don't know," he said carelessly, for somehow he did not like to discuss Bernice with his betrothed. "I have not troubled myself to think much of her at all."

This was scarcely the truth, though he believed it to be when he uttered it.

"I am not sure it was all an accident—Miss Vance finding herself so near this house when she fled from that wicked den by the river," Dora went on, quietly. "No matter. I shall prevail on her to remain, if possible. Of course Lasalle and Mrs. Black will unite their entreaties with mine. She will become domesticated here very shortly, and then we shall be having a grand wedding as the happy climax."

As Jasper remained silent, Dora resumed:

"I am growing quite fond of Bernice myself. She is above her station, that one can see at a glance. Then her looks are in her favor. Of course Mr. Lasalle will not permit her to enter the mill again."

"I should think not," said Jasper, uneasily. Then he began tossing over the prints on the table quite rapidly. "Have you seen this sunset scene?" he asked. "It would be lovely in oils."

Dora smiled, and lifted her shoulders whimsically; but was wise enough to suffer the conversation to drift into another channel.

She took good care, however, that Jasper found little opportunity for lingering too close to Bernice's side during the remainder of the day.

That night, long after the clock had chimed the hour of twelve, she sat in her handsome chamber, with her head drooped into her hands, trying hard to see her way clear through the many labyrinths Bernice's unwished-for return had made of the future.

"It will be a desperate game now," she said, between her close-set teeth. "I must handle my cards skillfully, or prepare to come out on the losing side. There is to be no child's play, I can plainly foresee that."

Then she added after a long and thoughtful silence:

"That girl has the ebony casket. Captain Marthe, the idot, was not clever enough to get it away from her. But it does not matter. She shall not elude us again while it remains in her possession. They must be told at Shrublands, all that has transpired. I'd give my right hand for a half-hour's talk with them just now. Papa's cunning and mamma's diplomacy, would soon help me out of the difficulty."

Just at this juncture she roused from her reverie with a start. A handful of gravel struck sharply against the window near which she was sitting.

"What was that?" she cried, involuntarily.

Some subtle instinct seemed to tell her. She rose up, her beautiful face flushing with a savage joy.

"It's Captain Marthe himself," she muttered. "No other human being would think of prowling about at this unseemly hour. Good! I'm glad he is come. *He* shall be my messenger to Shrublands."

Approaching the window, she threw up the sash and looked out. The dark outlines of a man's figure could be seen standing in the path below.

"Who is there?" she called, softly.

"Louis," was the answer, in a muffled voice. "Come down, I must see you."

"Directly."

She drew back, closed the window, and

turned down the gas. Then, throwing a light scarf over her head, she stole down the back stairs, and out a side door, which had been secured by a single bolt.

Five minutes later, she confronted Captain Louis Marthe, with the suddenness of an apparition, as he stood impatiently grinding his heel in the gravel of the walk.

"I'm here," she said, shortly. "What do you want?"

He put her hand over his arm.

"Come further away from the house before I tell you," said he, casting an apprehensive glance all round. "I don't like those gaping windows. Some cursed spy may be watching us from behind any one of them."

So saying, he led her into the dark, cool recesses of the garden, where all was shadow and silence and profoundest gloom.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RAYMONDS.

Brightly streamed the yellow sunshine of the next morning upon a dark, quaint old memorial mansion, situated just beyond the village of Yorkville.

It was very old, very quaint; very dark, with files of gigantic trees flanking the avenue that led up to the heavily-curved entrance-way, and countless blossoming shrubs ornamenting the park-like grounds that could be seen on either hand.

The house itself was a miracle of ancient art, was built of dark, gray stone, with heavy cornices and deep, mullioned windows, innumerable balconies, huge stacks of chimneys, and any number of wings and out-of-the-way nooks, where ghosts might be suspected of walking, or ghouls of taking up their eyrie abode.

Only the southern wing was inhabited, and here dwelt in great pomp and state Mr. Giles Raymond and his wife—Dora's father and mother.

On this particular summer morning, Mr. Giles Raymond was pacing up and down the marble-paved entrance hall, with a stern frown wrinkling his narrow, contracted forehead.

He was a thin, wiry man, with a frightfully pale face, very sallow and dark, in which his black eyes burned and blazed like two living coals of fire.

Something of an invalid was Mr. Giles Raymond, and this morning he had on a pair of velvet slippers, and a rich dressing-gown of some dark crimson material, lined with quilted silk, and gathered about his waist by means of a silken cord and tassel.

A very neat, a very precise man is the master of the grand old place denominated Shrublands. His hands are as white and carefully kept as any lady's; the nails of the softest, daintiest rose-shell pink. His teeth are marvels of whiteness—very perfect teeth he has for a man already on the shady side of fifty; his linen is immaculate, and his cravat in the superlative degree of all that is desirable in a cravat.

As he strides up and down the marble floor, he glances often at his wife, a handsome, well-preserved woman of forty-five, who stands by the window, feeding sugar to an ugly-looking ape, chained to an iron hook in the wall.

The ape is not the only specimen of animal creation in that lofty hall. Ranged against the walls, in gilded cages, or swinging from marble pillars, and heavy pendants in the ceiling, or nestled still in the sunny windows, are mocking birds, parrots and ravens, macaws and cockatoos, one grim-faced owl, chattering monkeys and frisky squirrels, almost without number.

Mr. Giles Raymond is a very eccentric man, and it is a whim of his to keep this odd menagerie of animal pets. He loves them, and talks to them almost as if they were human beings, and no personal insult would be resented half so soon as an injury done one of these outre favorites.

"Of course Limping Dick has had his breakfast, Hester?" he says, in a soft, but peevish voice. "He has had his fill of nuts and cakes, and been nicely washed and brushed?"

Mrs. Raymond turned from her task with a pleasant smile. Being fond of her husband, she takes especial pains to please him.

"Yes, my dear, everything has been done as you wish."

"The cages have all been cleansed?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm glad of that. I wouldn't forgive one of those wretched servants if they were to neglect my pets. To me, nothing seems so cruel as the neglecting dumb animals who cannot help themselves."

"You're an old fool!" chattered a parrot overhead; and the uncomplimentary words were caught up and echoed by ravens and mocking birds in turn.

Now so provoked, Mr. Raymond glanced up grimly at the first offender.

"Poor creatures," he sighed. "What do they know save to mimic what they see and hear? Another proof of their utter helplessness."

"A lie—a cursed lie!" croaked a fiery-eyed raven from his perch in the remotest corner.

"Hear him!" cried Mr. Raymond, with a grimace. "Who has been teaching such foul language to the poor things? Those rascally servants, of course. I'll flog them within an inch of their lives if I catch them at it—I will."

"You will—you won't!" ejaculated a sepulchral voice at his elbow.

Mr. Raymond bit his lip, and paused to brush a speck of dirt from the sleeve of his dressing-gown.

"The little imps!" he muttered.

"They know no better," said his wife, echoing words that had been in his own mouth over and over again.

He smiled, but rather darkly, with an odd twitching about the corners of his eyes.

"True, my dear. Give the darlings an extra lump of sugar all round. Then you may ring for Benton to take out Limping Dick for an airing."

"Limping Dick," let us premise, was the ugly, wrinkled-faced ape.

Mrs. Raymond proceeded to execute his bidding. She had reached one of the windows in her rounds, when she stopped suddenly, with a stealthy glance over her shoulder at her husband.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, shrewdly observant. "Did you see anybody?"

"Louis," she made reply.

"Hush!" he cried, turning on her; as nearly white as his yellow face would permit. "Take care, Hester. Walls have ears, remember. Now tell me whom did you see?"

"Captain Marthe."

"Yes, yes; that's better. Is he coming towards the house?"

"He is riding up the avenue—has almost reached the door."

"The dog!" muttered Mr. Raymond.—"What can he be wanting here?"

"O, Giles!" said his wife, quite agitated, "don't speak of him in that tone. How can you—you, who ought to be so kind, so tender and true."

"Hush!" he snarled, again. "You must be more discreet, my dear."

Nevertheless, he seemed very much flurried himself when a booted heel came clanging up the step, and into the paved hall.

"Well met," said Captain Marthe's voice, and he stood leering in at them quite sardonically.

"You!" ejaculated Mr. Raymond, as if just made aware of his proximity.

"Yes. Have I taken you by surprise? I hope you are pleased to see me?" a disagreeable smile curling his thin lip.

"Humph! Is there any news?"

"Of what—of whom?"

"Don't be aggravating. You know very well what I mean."

"Of the girl, Bernice? Yes; it is of her I came here to speak."

"Hush!" cried Mr. Raymond, in a sharp, sibillant whisper, which mocking birds and parrots caught up and echoed after him. "Can't you moderate your voice?"

Mrs. Raymond drew nearer, an expression of deep and anxious interest showing itself in her face.

"What has occurred?" she demanded. "I knew something was wrong the instant I saw you. Where is the girl?"

"Escaped!" was the brief reply.

The word was echoed by both husband and wife. They looked at each other hard and anxiously. The woman's face was whiter than the man's.

"The casket!" she cried, after a moment's silence. "Of course that was taken from her in the first place? You have it?"

Captain Marthe sullenly shook his head.

"No? Good God! We are ruined, then!"

She dropped into the nearest chair, shaking from head to foot. She seemed almost beside herself. She was even betrayed into the unladylike action of shaking her clenched hand at a chattering magpie at her elbow.

"Stop your noise!" she screamed, angrily.

Mr. Raymond was calmer. "Hester!" he cried, in a musical voice, softer than silk. Then he laid one white, jewelled hand upon her arm.

Voice and touch acted upon the irate woman like magic. She started up, growing instantly calmer, and mistress of herself once more.

"Forgive me, Giles. But I saw all our dearest schemes overthrown and defeated by that puny girl—saw them in my imagination. It was too much for my composure. Ruin—disgrace—I could not bear them now."

She dropped her pallid face into both hands, and sat very still for some minutes.

Mr. Raymond broke the silence. Turning to Captain Marthe, he said:

"Where is Bernice, now? You have kept track of her flight?"

"Yes. She is with Dora at Mr. Lasalle's."

"With Dora?" cried Mr. Raymond, sharply. "Impossible! You are a fool, Captain Marthe; or else you are trying to humbug us."

The man's lip curled disdainfully.

"I am too polite to dispute you, my dear sir. I have only a word more to add. I saw Dora last night. She advised me to come straight to you, and consult what had best be done. She has been playing the friendly dodge with Bernice, and quite successfully."

Mr. Raymond seemed to gain a sudden inkling of the true state of affairs. His bright eyes began to flash and twinkle.

"I see," he said, softly, rubbing his moist hands together. Presently he walked away to the window. When he came back again, he was blandly smiling.

"Sit down, Captain Marthe, and give us a detailed account of all that has happened."

Even Mrs. Raymond seemed to gather encouragement from the cheerful tone in which he spoke. She glanced quickly up at him, a faint color flushing her pale cheeks.

"Yes," she said, "let us hear the whole story."

Captain Marthe, nothing loth, related in a few words the manner in which Bernice's escape from the house by the river had been brought about, and the clever manner in which Dora had met the situation when the fugitive girl arrived in Millbrook.

"She will contrive to keep Bernice with her until we have decided upon some stroke of policy," he said, in conclusion. "She bade me tell you so."

The husband and wife exchanged glances.

"I have come to a decision already," said Mr. Raymond, quietly. "Bernice must be prevailed upon to return to Shrublands."

To his wife's wondering stare, he instantly replied:

"It's the best thing we can do, my dear. With Bernice here, we have the ebony casket here, and, therefore, the control of a most dangerous secret. Do you not understand?"

She nodded, quite pale again, and breathing heavily.

"Enough has been said. I will go to Millbrook myself. Dora's persuasive powers are not great. She might fail to bring Bernice back with her. *I* know not such a word."

He smiled, and gently stroked his face with an air of conscious superiority.

"It's a bold game," said Captain Marthe, and the faintest flush imaginable tinged his forehead. "No other man living would think of risking it—of bringing the girl right here, into the lion's den, as it were. But I think you could do it."

"Yes," smiled Mr. Raymond, and he hummed an aria from one of the operas with all the abandon of a light-hearted child. "The word 'fail' is a great bugbear with some; it was never with me. I meet a difficulty and conquer it—instead of leaving the difficulty to conquer me. Come, Hester; come, my love. You shall get me ready for the journey, at once. Grass must not grow under my feet; the golden hours must not fly away unimproved. Come; away!"

And filloping a pink and white sugar heart, which he produced from the depths of his pocket, into the monkey's cage, he went clattering from the room, followed by his wife.

"The old devil!" muttered Captain Marthe, staring after him. "He's got something desperate hatching in his brain. Ugh! I wonder if I am half as wicked as he is!"

(To be continued in our next.)

SOMNAMBULISM.—About the beginning of the present century a banker at Amsterdam requested Professor von Swinden to solve for him a calculation of a peculiar and difficult kind. The Professor tried it, failed, and submitted it to ten of his pupils as a good mathematical exercise. One of them, after two or three days' work at it, went to bed one night with his mind full of the subject, and fell asleep. On waking in the morning he was astonished to find on his table sheets of paper containing the full working out of the problem in his own handwriting; he had got up in the night and done it, in his sleep and in the dark.

IF we scrutinize the lives of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities.—Obstacles cannot intimidate, nor labor weary, nor drudgery disgust them.

NATURE'S JEWELRY.

BY ARTHUR FINN.

Nature decks herself with jewels
Glorious and bright;
Not as man, with stones, but rather
Living light.

None there are whose gems can equal
Hers so rich and rare;
None has given them place or order—
Come or fare.

She for diamond has the dew-drops,
Stars, a golden crown;
And the moon her rays for silver
Pearls a gown.

Rubies in the glow of sunset,
Emeralds o'er the earth;
Opals gleaming in the ocean
Taken birth.

Sardonyx and turquoise for bracelets,
Topaz for the rose;
While an amethystine purple
The grape-bunch throws.

O'er her head, like changeful opal,
Hangs the rainbow's hue;
Round her waist a zone celestial,—
Sapphire blue.

Diadems of pearly cloudlets
Hath she round her brow,
And—than alabaster purer—
Spotless snow.

These she hath; and many hath she
Beautiful as these,
On the earth, or in the heaven,
Or the seas.

STEALING A CROWN.

BY J. E. DALE.

On the 9th of May, 1671, London was thrown into extraordinary excitement by one of the most bold and singular attempts at robbery ever recorded in the annals of crime. The criminal was an Irishman, named Thomas Blood, and the crime the attempted theft of the English crown and crown-jewels.

Blood was of humble birth, but his father, being a man of much shrewdness, had amassed a large fortune as a merchant, and his son enjoyed the advantages of good society and a good education. When the civil war broke out between Charles the First and the parliament, young Blood warmly espoused the cause of the parliament, and soon obtained a colonel's commission in the rebel army. When Charles the Second ascended the throne, Blood's property was all confiscated, and he became a wanderer.

He affected to believe the Duke of Ormond the chief instrument of his mi-fortune, and vowed vengeance upon him. The Duke had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Colonel Blood went to Dublin to carry out his hostile designs. He engaged five desperadoes whom he had known in the army, and, mounting them on swift horses, lay in wait for his lordship's carriage. On the 6th of December, as he was returning from a visit to the Prince of Wales, he was seized, dragged from his carriage, bound, and mounted behind one of the party, when they rode away in the direction of Tyburn, intending to hang him. He succeeded in loosening the strap with which he was bound, and, suddenly springing off the horse, escaped in the darkness of the night. An immense reward was offered for the detection of the ruffians; but it was not until after Blood had been restored to favor that his participation in the plot was known, though it was strongly suspected.

Not long after this event, Colonel Blood formed the extraordinary design of stealing the crown and crown-jewels of England. They were kept in the Tower, under the immediate charge of Talbot Edwards, an aged but trusty man. Blood saw that, to carry out his scheme fully, he must first establish terms of familiarity with him. He accordingly disguised himself as a parson, and, accompanied by a woman whom he represented as his wife, paid a visit to the Tower, ostensibly to see the crown and jewels, which were kept in a glass case for exhibition. While viewing them, the lady pretended to be taken suddenly ill, when the keeper, Mr. Edwards, kindly invited her into his apartments until the sudden faintness passed away. She soon recovered, and they left, with many professions of thanks. A few days after, the pretended parson returned, with some very fine presents for Mrs. Edwards, as an acknowledgment of her kindness. An intimacy thus gradually sprung up between the parties, the Edwards family being captivated by his urbanity and supposed piety.

Mr. Edwards had a beautiful daughter, about seventeen years of age, and Blood finally proposed her marriage with a pretended nephew of his, who, he represented, was a very pious youth, with a fortune of three hundred pounds a year. The proposition was favorably considered, and an introduction of the parties was arranged for the 9th of May. The day before the time appointed, Blood came and requested that the introduction might take place at seven o'clock in the morning—an hour when few people were stirring—and requested permission to bring two friends with him to see the regalia, making the excuse that they were compelled to leave town at an early hour. Mr. Edwards was but too willing to serve his friend, and the arrangement was made.

The next morning the keeper was up early to receive his guests, and the daughter was dressed in her best attire to receive her intended husband. Punctually to the minute Blood came, with his two friends and the young man supposed to be his nephew. They all carried, concealed under their cloaks, a rapier-blade, dirk, and a pair of pistols. Pretending that his friends were anxious to see the jewels at once, that they might be at liberty to go, they were at once shown to the little room where the crown was kept, Edwards carefully closing the door after him, as was his usual custom. The nephew had been left at the entrance to watch and give the alarm, if there was danger.

No sooner had the door closed upon them than the villains threw off their disguises, seized the old man, bound and gagged him, threatening his instant death if he gave the slightest alarm. The brave old man was not intimidated, and bawled out to the top of his voice, when they knocked him down and beat him until they supposed him dead. He was not unconscious, however; and, hearing them say that he was apparently dead, he resolved not to undeceive them, and remained quiet.

Blood and his two companions then went deliberately at work to secure the coveted treasures. The glass case in which they were kept was broken by a single blow with a mallet, and Blood seized the crown and concealed it under his cloak. A man named Parrott, one of his accomplices, put the orb and other jewels in his pocket, while the other proceeded to file the sceptre in two, so that it could be put in a small bag he carried under his cloak.

It is probable that the bold scheme would have been a perfect success but for the merest accident. A son of Mr. Edwards, who had been residing for some years in Flanders, happened to arrive in London that morning, and immediately hastened to the house of his father. He was accompanied by a brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, of the British army. They passed by Blood's sentinel at the outer door, and proceeded at once to the keeper's room. As soon as they were out of sight, the sentinel hastened to inform Blood and his accomplices of their danger. The sceptre had not yet been filed apart; so, leaving it, they took the crown, orb, small jewels, and made a hasty departure. No sooner were they gone than the elder Edwards raised himself from the pool of blood in which he had been lying, and shouted, "Treason! murder!" with all his strength. His cries alarmed his daughter, who rushed into the room; when she saw the broken case, and cried out, "The crown is stolen!" and ran to inform her brother and Captain Beckman, who burst into the room, and then dashed off in pursuit.

The robbers made their exit without hindrance, and, rushing across the narrow yard, reached the drawbridge without hindrance. Here stood a sleepy sentinel, who, partially roused by the confusion in the Tower, attempted to stop the flight of the fugitives. Blood discharged his pistol at his head, and, though unhurt, he fell prostrate, and the robbers passed over him, cleared the outer gates, and had nearly entered the park, where horses had been provided for them. In the meantime their pursuers were closing upon them; and, just as they cleared the outer gate, Captain Beckman came upon Blood. The desperate man fired his remaining pistol at him, but missed his aim. The two then grappled, and a desperate struggle ensued. At last the captain succeeded in overcoming his antagonist, and the crown was wrenched from his grasp. As the daring man saw his hopes thus dashed, he quietly surrendered, remarking, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful. It was a struggle for a crown."

In the conflict several of the richest jewels in the crown were broken off or fell out, but most of them were subsequently found and restored.

Parrott and the other accomplices, who had the orb and other rich jewels, were captured with Blood; and three more, who were concerned in the plot, were arrested next day, and all confined in the dungeons of the White Tower. Thus ended the attempt to steal the English crown—a theft without parallel in English history.

The king—Charles II—when informed of this extraordinary theft, ordered Blood and Parrott to be brought to Whitehall and examined in his presence. There Blood behaved with the most insolent effrontery. He gloried in the boldness of his attempt, and assured his majesty that he feared nothing, human or divine. He reminded them of the bold attempt upon the life of the Duke of Ormond, a few years before, and startled them by avowing himself the leader of it. He said that he had formed a plot to destroy the king, and had been concealed in the rushes by the Thames, and actually taken aim at him as he passed by in his barge. But he said that he was overwhelmed with the awe of majesty, and not only gave up the idea himself, but prevented his companions from proceeding in their design. He stated that he acted in the interest of one of the discontented parties of the kingdom, and proclaimed that there were hundreds of his party, yet undiscovered, who were bound by solemn oath to avenge each other's death. In the course of his remarks he carelessly spoke of the great danger of assassination his majesty and ministers would incur if he should suffer. Though he should do everything to prevent it, he said it was impossible to restrain a thousand desperate men who had been united to him by the sacred bonds of fellowship and brotherhood.

Blood was looking keenly at the king when he dropped this remark, and, observing the effect it had, he added: "But, on the other hand, if your majesty would spare the lives of a few, you might oblige the hearts of many; and your majesty will find that those who are so bold and daring in mischief, if again received into pardon and favor, can perform eminent service for the crown."

The timid and weak monarch was frightened by Blood's revelations, though they were in all probability false, and the hope of gaining the favor of the large party he professed to represent induced him to deal leniently with the offender. He was sent back to prison, but furnished with comfortable accommodations, and finally the proceedings against him were abandoned; and, after the lapse of a few months, he was not only pardoned, but obtained a grant of land in Ireland, and even obtained considerable influence with the king.

The public was greatly indignant at his escape from justice, and the Duke of Ormond, who still had the right to prosecute him for the attempt upon his life, took the preliminary steps to that end. When the king, who had now taken Blood into favor, heard of the duke's intention, he sent Lord Arlington to him, with the request that he would not prosecute, for reasons which his lordship proceeded to give.

"Stop!" said the duke. "His majesty's command is the only reason that can be given, and you may say no more."

Having obtained the royal favor, Blood returned from Ireland and settled in Westminster, where he was admitted into the best society, and courted for the influence he had with the king.

While he was living in affluence and basking in the sunshine of royal favor, Edwards and his son, who had been the means of saving the regalia—one by his brave resistance, and the other by his fortunate arrival—were treated with neglect. The only rewards they received were grants on the exchequer of two hundred pounds sterling for the old man, and one hundred pounds for his son, which they were obliged to sell at half their value, owing to the difficulty of getting payment. Captain Beckman's friend urged his promotion for his services, but it was not granted, nor did he receive any recognition of his gallantry.

Blood died on the 24th of August, 1680, leaving property worth fifty thousand pounds sterling. All his accomplices in the daring theft suffered death.

CHEERFULNESS.—"Be cheerful," says the man who is easy in his circumstances, missing no loved face at the table, nor by the hearth. But does he ever consider how hard it may be to be "cheerful" when the heart aches, and the cupboard is empty, and there are little fresh graves in the church-yard, and friends are few or indifferent, and even heaven for the time being seems to have forgotten us, so desolate is our lot? How difficult for one man to understand another, in such differing circumstances! How easy to say, "Be cheerful!" How hard he would find it to practise it, were he stripped of all life's brightness!

PROFANITY.—There are many evils that lurk around the heart, and many temptations prompting us to respond to their calling; but none more readily co-works with all evil than profanity, and is ever ready to lay waste a moral and upright mind, with its deadly sting and poisonous arrow. Profanity, we can truthfully say, is the anchor of many evils arising from an ungoverned disposition.

"THEY SAY."

BY M. RICHARDSON.

"Uncommon pretty girl! and they say she's in love with me; upon my honor I believe it. She acts like it, my way."

One might have known that Clarence Hope was conceited by the complacent manner in which he stroked his fierce-looking moustache as he made that remark, even if they had not heard the words; but, unfortunately for Mr. Clarence, the words were overheard by the subject of them, fiery, impetuous little Isabella Harvey, and, though his prospects had never been very good in that quarter, they were entirely ruined now.

"'They say!'" she burst forth, indignantly, as, having reached a cool, shady arbor in her own pretty villa grounds, she threw herself on a seat and commenced fanning herself vigorously with her straw hat. "'They say,' indeed! I wonder if Gossipville (it ought to be Gossipville) has nothing else to do but to mind other people's business! I in love with that simpleton! A pretty story, I should think; and he believes it, the conceited fop, the puppy, the ——"

What epithet she intended bestowing next is uncertain, for the sudden apparition of a bearded face in close proximity to her own caused an abrupt termination of her impassioned soliloquy, which ended in a quick start, and a genuine feminine scream.

"Oh, Mr. Maitland, you frightened me to death!" she said, with a pretty pout, as she recognized the intruder.

"Well, you are a noisy corpse, I must say," was the laughing rejoinder; and Mr. Maitland stretched himself lazily on the grass beside her, with his head carelessly resting on his hand. "But, now, those were pretty names to be calling a fellow behind his back—'a conceited fop'—'a puppy'—a—I don't know what; were those pet names intended for me, eh, Miss Harvey?" And he looked up saucily into her face.

"No, but I believe you deserve them," she said, pettishly; "you ought to have your ears boxed for frightening me so."

"Box them, then," he said, laughingly, raising up his curly head with an arch glance from his clear blue eyes. But 'Bella had changed her mind, and only smiled.

"But, any way," he resumed, "what was that pretty speech I interrupted? A quotation from Shakspeare, or Byron? I don't exactly remember reading it in their writings, but I presume it might be there."

"Don't tease!" said 'Bella, laughing in spite of herself; then adding, indignantly, as her thoughts reverted to her former trouble,—"I never saw such a meddlesome, good-for-nothing set of people in my life! I don't believe they ever have anything else to do but to talk of other people's business!"

"Why, what's the matter now?" asked Maitland, laughing at Bella's vexed tone and pouting lips.

"Matter enough, I should think," she answered, spitefully. "They have done nothing else since I came here but pry into my affairs and make the most ridiculous remarks about me; and now they say I am in love with that conceited coxcomb, Clarence Hope, when, I am sure, I have scarcely treated him civilly since he came here; and, this morning, he had the impudence to say 'that they said' I was in love with him, and 'pon his honor he believed it!" And 'Bella mimicked, contemptuously, Mr. Clarence's supercilious tone.

Henry Maitland lay back upon the grass laughing heartily.

"I tell you what 'tis, 'Bella," he said, when he could recover breath enough to speak, "that is decidedly rich; you in love with that mass of self-conceit!"—and he went off into another fit of laughter. "But what kind of a disposal do the good people make of me in this affair?"

"Oh, they disposed of you some time ago, said 'Bella, laughing. "Old Mrs. Gibbons told me more than a week ago, that 'they said either Miss 'Bella had given Mr. Maitland some offence, or else he had purposely taken it, for he had not been to call on her for ever so long.'"

Maitland rolled over in the grass again, laughing immoderately, while 'Bella sat looking on, hardly knowing whether it were best to laugh or cry, but feeling more inclined to do the latter.

"It seems to be fine fun for you!" she said at last, pettingly; "but I think it's too provoking to laugh at."

"Now I don't 'Bella," he said, picking himself up and brushing the dust off his coat. "I think it's perfectly ridiculous, and only fit to be laughed at; but if I were in your place I would see if I couldn't outwit them for once."

"So I would if I could, but I am sure I don't know how, for they know ten times more about my affairs than I do."

"Well, then, let us put our heads together and see if we can't invent some mischief for them. You know," he said, saucily, as he took a seat beside her, "that two heads are better than one."

'Bella put her threat—of boxing his ears—into execution; but after all, listened very complacently to his plans for mischief.

* * * *

Mr. Clarence Hope was standing before the mirror in his room, putting the last finishing touches to his toilet preparatory to attending the picnic where he expected to make himself generally agreeable to all the ladies, and particularly so to Miss 'Bella Harvey.

"There, I think that will do," he said, complacently, as he surveyed himself in the glass; "that will suit even Miss 'Bella's fastidious notions. Egad, though, I'm a lucky fellow if she's worth half as much as they say she is; and I really believe I'm in love with her after all. She's very pretty, any how; rather spirited, but that's all the better: just like a mettlesome colt, fine fun to break them in. A fellow wouldn't be ashamed to introduce her to his friends. I can fancy the sensation she'll create, as Mrs. Clarence Hope. And then her money isn't to be picked up every day. Of course she'll be at the picnic to day, and it will be a nice romantic place to pop the question. She'll say 'yes' of course, for they say she's been waiting the opportunity to say it these two months. Clever set of people these, any way; never should have thought of her being so rich, and being so much in love with me, if it hadn't been for their chattering tongues; but then I always was a lucky dog."

And with one more self-satisfied glance at his handsome person, reflected in the mirror, Mr. Clarence Hope turned away.

* * * *

The coveted opportunity had been found, and in his most elegant style Clarence Hope had made Miss Harvey an offer of his hand, and whatever heart and fortune he possessed, which was little enough. But, somehow, the answer he received was not exactly what he expected, or else he had misunderstood her.

"Why, what!" he stammered, confusedly, "did I understand you to refuse to marry me, Miss Harvey?"

"I presume you did, as I certainly declined your offer," replied 'Bella, very quietly.

"But, Miss Harvey," expostulated the discomfited suitor, "I supposed you—I was led to expect a different answer."

"From my conduct?" asked 'Bella.

"Well, no—perhaps not—that is," Clarence stammered, hardly knowing what answer to make. "But thought—at all events they said——"

"That I was decidedly in love with you," interrupted 'Bella; "and you have just learnt your mistake. I should certainly advise you in future not to trust too much to gossip."

"Then you positively refuse to marry me, Miss Harvey?" persisted Clarence, unwilling to yield the point.

"I cannot! what! to whom!" he ejaculated, turning from red to white and then back again.

"A week ago, to Mr. Maitland."

There was a rustle through the foliage, and a tall form stood beside Isabella Harvey.

"My intended, Mr. Maitland, Mr. Hope," she said, quickly.

But Mr. Hope never stopped to acknowledge the introduction; there was a very distinct idea that he had been duped stealing through his self-conceited brain, and he thought best to beat a hasty retreat.

"It is too bad, after all, said 'Bella, half laughing, as her discomfited suitor disappeared among the trees. "It did seem too severe!"

"Not a bit of it," was Maitland's answer; "it served him just right. I only hope it takes some of the conceit out of him. I wonder," he added, laughingly, "if it will do gossiping Gossipville any good when they hear the news!"

But they found out that the malady was incurable, when, next day, Mrs. Gibbons brought the intelligence that "they said they knew all the time Miss Harvey would marry Mr. Maitland; but he was nothing more than a fortune-hunter (like Clarence Hope himself), and she would find him out after all."

But 'Bella, when Mrs. Maitland, only said she had indeed found him out,—but it was to her full satisfaction.

THE MASKS WE WEAR.

BY S. E. M.

I had heard much, and read more, in my early days, of "unrequited passions," and "broken hearts," and "undying griefs," and hoped that sometime I should be the heroine of such a story, and the victim of such a grief, and know the luxury of an "eternal sorrow." Meanwhile, as I was far too young to hope for any distinction of that kind for long years to come, I looked right and left among my friends and acquaintances, for one who bore the signs of such a hidden woe. I must confess that I found no such person among the number so called our friends.

Foremost among this gay crowd, was one—a maiden lady of some five-and-thirty years—who, in spite of the difference in our ages, was my chosen companion, and my most intimate friend.

She was a tall, handsome, regal-looking personage, with a merry laugh, and a keen and piercing eye, that filled with light and laughter at every fresh instance of my absurd sentimentality that her searching questions brought to light.

Left an orphan and her own mistress at the early age of eighteen, she had also been left the mistress of a handsome fortune, that enabled her to gratify her taste for books, pictures, and travel, as she saw fit.

Amid all our gay circle of acquaintances, this woman was the one whom I most admired and envied. Here was the house I would have chosen for my own—here the life deemed most free from sorrow and from care. And to hear her rich, free laugh at every word of sentiment I uttered, no one could ever have imagined that her own heart had been touched, her own soul wrung by the very pains and pangs at which she jested so merrily in all our fireside talks.

It was the one blot in her otherwise perfect character, for me; this strange insensibility and coldness—this inability to feel and to reverence the passion of love. And pondering over it one day, I entered her beautiful home, with a new volume of poems, just fresh from the press, which she had asked me to bring, and read aloud to her—love poems, too—and knew well how unmercifully she would quiz and laugh at them, and at me. Still, she should hear them.

She was not in the drawing-room, nor in the library; so, glancing in at either empty room, I ran lightly up the stairs, and, like a privileged visitor, opened the door of her chamber softly, and entered to surprise her. My step on the soft, velvet carpet, made no sound, and for a moment I stood there absolutely struck dumb with astonishment, almost with terror.

The folding compartment over her writing-desk—which I had always supposed to be a miniature book-case—was open. Inside I saw a portrait—the face of a man, of forty, fair, calm, yet almost stern in the look of conscious power with which the blue eyes glanced out at the beholder.

And before this hidden picture knelt my heart-whole, careless, and happy friend—her face hidden in her clasped hands, and her whole frame quivering to the anguish of her sobs.

"Dead! dead!" I heard her say, in a stifled voice. "And oh! you never knew how well I loved you! You loved another! What did you care, and what was I to you? Oh, to think of it! My wasted love—my wasted life! And now the grave has ended all, and from heaven you can look down, and see what you were—and are, to me at last!"

I stole softly away. In ten minutes' time I rang the bell below, and sent the servant to knock at the door of my friend's room, and tell her that I was there. Down she came, greatly pleased to see me. We read the poems together, and she tore each sentiment to tatters, with her usual smiling scorn. It was my first glimpse into the real world around me—my first glance beneath the smooth surface of the masks we wear.

OLD MAIDS.—We are inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably clean in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex, "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid."

EARLY RISING.—The boys and young men who, during the present summer, become regular and fixed in the habit of early rising, will have established one great point towards the success and happiness of their future lives.

LITTLE DAISY.

Your eyes are bright with dancing glee,
And coy with sidelong glances;
Your lips are red as red can be,
And sweet as poet's fancies,
Happy little Daisy.

Your jocund face is sunny sweet,
All rippled o'er with laughter;
Your tears are a coquettish cheat,
For smiles come quickly after,
Laughing little Daisy.

Upstairs you patter, sly and still,
Down stairs "pig-back" you rattle;
From morning until night you fill
The house with pretty prattle,
Merry little Daisy.

You banish sadness with your wiles,
And chase away our vapors;
You cure our headaches with your smiles,
Our heartaches with your capers,
Cunning little Daisy.

Bless sky and sunshine o'er your head,
Gladness about you ever;
Oh, thus may all your life be sped,
And clouds and rain come never,
Darling little Daisy.

TURNING THE TABLES.

BY GEORGE M. PENN.

Trifles are said to please children, but, none the less, they will satisfy the passengers of a sailing-vessel during a long and tedious voyage, when baffling winds are the order of the day, and they are too often succeeded by the tedium of a calm—hot, enervating, and tiring to a degree.

In truth, we were glad of any trifle to while away an hour on board the Johnson, a vessel bound from the port of Liverpool to San Francisco, and bearing a company of passengers as unromantic as her name.

Indeed, it was very trying, for there were but few resources. As a rule, the passengers might have been very nice people, but they were not; and more pig-headed obstinacy in a small space I never beheld. With four young and beautiful maidens on board, it might have been expected that daily intimacy would have, in some cases, ripened beneath such torrid skies, into something warmer and more lasting, but the only effect of their presence was to engender a bitter and lasting hatred amongst the young men, who might otherwise have been tolerable friends.

Speaking from my own experience, I must say that I found love-making a dead failure—in fact, there was no love made, and during the last fortnight my fate had been to be attracted by the bright eyes of one Miss Ruth Murray, to sidle awkwardly up to her, and then to submit to a snubbing—physical and metaphorical.

The neatest turned speech was always laughed at; the doleful dump, with rolling eye and imploring sighs *ad lib.*, only produced a mocking smile; and an attempt at a declaration was nipped in the bud so completely, that I felt smaller than the most minute of organized beings.

There was an improvement, though, at last; for, feeling that I was only wasting time, I threw off the sentimental, and played chip's billiards one morning with the ladies, entering thoroughly into the fun of the thing, to be rewarded afterwards with a bright look, one which sent the blood dancing through my veins, as I was told that it had not been thought possible that I could be so natural and nice.

"Natural and nice, eh?" I said to myself, afterwards; and then it seemed to come upon me that I had been playing the part of the sighing, sonnet-writing, love-sick boy—a role which must be open to the ridicule of any sharp, keen girl of sense.

"Bless her bright eyes!" I ejaculated, softly. "I do believe I am very fond of her, and that I have been making a goose of myself, so here goes to mend my ways."

I felt in such high spirits, that I was glad to look out for some outlet to my energy, and it soon presented itself in a large school of fish.

The word was passed round, and soon lines were in requisition, pretty tolerable sport being afforded, till there was a loud splash, a cry for help, and the rush of feet along the ship; for one unfortunate—an agreeable young fellow, by the way, a young doctor—who had been perched, harpoon in hand, in the main chains, slipped, in his excitement, while delivering a blow, and was swimming steadily in the wake of the ship.

"Quick, there! Lower away the quarter boat!" shouted the Captain, and, with the passengers crowding on deck, and the excitement increasing each moment, I followed half-a-dozen sailors into the boat just as I heard a shriek, and saw Ruth's sister clasping her hands, and only restrained from following by Ruth herself, who held her tightly. I then caught a glance from those eyes—a glance which seemed to nerve me to any exertion; and then the boat touched the water, oars dipped, and we were going rapidly in the direction of the drowning man.

Drowning, indeed; for as I stood up in the bow of the boat, I could see that he was beginning to buffet the water now with rapid strokes, such as denoted loss of nerve and fast coming exhaustion.

"Give way, my lads!" I exclaimed, for the vessel had been moving swiftly through the water, and the poor fellow was a long way astern before we pushed off. But the oar-blades dipped quickly, and we were now fast nearing the sinking man. Now we could see him as he rose on the summit of a long swell, then he disappeared; and when close upon him, as he seemed to pass down the side of a hill of water, it was for the next wave, that gently rose, to be without that white, despairing face, turned towards us.

"There—there!" cried one of the men, "he went down there, sir;" just as, from the distant ship, a faint cry of horror arose; and in those brief moments I pictured her who had uttered that cry, and saw again the agonized face of Mary Murray, as she frantically strove to reach the side of the ship.

"Betrayed your secret, my poor little lass," I thought, and the next moment I had taken a header, as near as I could tell, to the spot where it seemed that my unfortunate fellow-passenger had gone down.

I was correct, as it happened, for hardly had the water closed over me, before my extended hands came in contact with something hard. I was grappled, and we rose to the surface, with him I sought to save clinging to me in a way that, but for the proximity of the boat, must have been fatal, for I was completely helpless.

We were caught the next moment by the bowman's hook, and lifted into the boat, where my fellow-passenger lay for a while, panting and exhausted; but by the time we reached the vessel, the livid look had passed from his countenance, and he was able to climb back to the deck, where a loud burst of cheers assailed us; and I went below to change my wet clothes for dry ones, with my heart seeming to swell with emotion—for had not Ruth and her sister pressed to my side, and, in that one long, eloquent glance, had I not read what weeks of incessant essay had failed to elicit?

When I returned on deck, somewhat nervous—for I did not honestly consider that I had performed anything very brave—I found the attention of all on board taken up by a vessel which had come in sight, and which, with a flag or two flying, was fast bearing towards us.

"Can't make out anything at present, Mr. Sims," said the Captain, handing the glass to his second in command. "That's a signal, evidently."

"Want water, perhaps," said the mate, after a long scrutiny. "None too much for ourselves, neither."

I stood looking over the side at the coming vessel, whose cordage and masts seemed to be flaming with burnished gold. The sun was setting, and it was very evident that it would be dusk, if not dark, before she would be near enough to make communication; and then my thoughts wandered away to another and pleasanter subject. I cast my eyes around the deck, but the sisters were below; and then I stood gazing down into the boat, which had not yet been hoisted up, and amused myself by listlessly trying to pitch some loose duck-shot, one by one, into the hole where it was customary to step the mast.

"Seem in pretty good spirits, anyhow," said the Captain; and, starting round, I saw that he and the mate had approached, and were standing continuing their observations, for the vessel was lying to. The Captain was holding his glass to his eye as he spoke, and the mate was listening, but also making an improvised glass of his hands.

"Fiddle going, seemingly," continued the Captain. "Plenty of passengers—ladies, too. Run short of water, safe, Sims."

"Shouldn't be at all surprised," was the reply. "Rather a lubberly way of taking in those royals, though—isn't it?"

The Captain grunted, and then they moved away.

I paid very little heed to the coming vessel, for my thoughts were otherwise engaged. The sun sank, and the glory he had left behind, painted on sea and sky, slowly faded away. The soft, pearly gray of the arch above us began to show bright points of starry light; and then, swiftly, the pearly gray became a deep black-blue, from which flashed the constellations in all their glory.

I felt disposed to become very romantic—to try and compose a few lines on the beauty of the tropic night; but the recollection of the look I had received made me smile, and drove away all such fanciful ideas.

"Life is meant for sterner stuff," I mentally exclaimed. And then I was roused from my reverie by the deepening of the shadow just forward, and I saw the vessel I had been watching was close alongside. There was a great excitement on board ours, too, with plenty of shouting.

"Starboard—hard a starboard!" roared our Captain, through his doubled hands. "You'll be aboard us! Put your helm hard up!"

Then there was more hurrying and excitement, our Captain shouting his orders, and making what efforts he could to avoid collision—but all in vain.

Either from carelessness or bad seamanship, the stranger was close alongside; and directly after there was a sharp, grinding crash, the rattling as of irons, the shouts of our Captain and crew; and then, amidst a loud yelling, there was a rush of feet, as a crowd of scoundrels came pouring over the side, striking right and left with swords and axes. Shots, too, were fired; and groan after groan attested to the dire nature of the attack.

Describe it I cannot, save as a wild rush of confusion, hurrying feet, yelling men, cries for mercy, mingled with the sound of heavy blows, dull thuds, and every now and then a sickening crash, followed by a moan, and felt myself borne here and there in company with half a dozen more, and seemed to be carried back over the poop; and before I could realize the nature of my position, I was once more in the water battling for dear life.

In spite of the horror engendered by my position, I could not control an intense feeling of astonishment; but the fact was there for me to realize, that with several more I was struggling in the water, running my hand along the slimy side of the ship, and trying hard to find something to grasp. Then came a whisper close at hand, with a splashing noise similar to that which had been made when my fellow-passenger and I were dragged into the boat on that afternoon.

It was all plain enough now, and mentally I said it: some one had reached the boat that had not been hauled up, had climbed in, and was assisting others.

I turned in the direction of the sound, and swam gently for a few minutes, but then only to hear the splashing waves in my rear. I had swam by the boat, and I was returning the next moment, when three or four pistol shots were fired, the bullets striking the water. There was a stifled cry, and the sound of loud, coarse laughter from above.

I swam on, though, and my hand came in contact with the side of the boat, a couple of arms were passed round me, and I felt myself helped over the gunwale, as a voice, which I recognized as the Captain's, whispered:

"Silence, if you value your life!"

In the same voice I asked:

"How many are saved?"

"Eight, with myself."

"What does it all mean?" I whispered again.

"Pirates!" was the reply, with another admonition to be silent; and then I sat trying to realize the possibility of such an enemy in these nineteenth century days, though I had demonstration enough in my present position. I wondered, too, what would be done, and was surprised by the long-continued silence, for I had half expected the Captain's first action would be to cut the painter.

But the silence was all below with us in the boat, for in both the vessels, whose shapes we could barely see looming up amid the darkness, there was considerable bustle and excitement, the flitting to and fro of lanterns, and then we were nearly crushed, as the pirate's vessel was cast loose, and glided away from ours. For a moment we felt the pressure, and the boat gave a sharp crack; but it was not to be, and the next minute the vessels were fifty yards apart.

There was evidently a good deal going on upon the deck of the J. J., a prize crew having been left on board; but we were not prepared for the horrors to follow, as from time to time there was a loud splash on first one side and then on the other. We needed not to be told what they meant, as we sat there dejected and shuddering, and wondering what would be the fate of the poor women left on board; but we were not prepared for the scuffle that now took place on the deck, as we divined that some poor wretch had been dragged from his hiding place, and was fighting hard for his life.

Oaths and imprecations came thickly, and then a cessation of that struggle, but a series of appeals for mercy that made my blood run cold, as I sat listening, unable to render help.

"It's poor Sims," whispered the Captain, "and he's thinking of his wife and bairns. I'd give something to be by his side just now."

Again came the heart-rending prayers for mercy, followed by shrieks for help, wild and ringing—cries such as I should hardly have thought a man should utter, as he prayed for his life, only to be allowed to live; and then came a sharp report, a rushing noise, a heavy splash, and the boat rose and fell slightly, and we knew that it was all over.

I felt in the darkness for the Captain's arm, for I wanted to speak, but it was quivering with the emotion that shook him, and I did not break the silence.

A few moments after, though, he turned to me, placed his lips close to my ear, and whispered:

"There are women on board, whom it is our duty to help; are you man enough to back me up in trying to seize the ship?"

A pressure of the hand was my only reply, and he must have been satisfied, for I felt the boat rock as he crawled away, and was apparently asking the others if they, too, would stand by him.

The response was satisfactory, for he was soon after back at my side, whispering his plans; which were, to work the boat close up under the bows, climb up to the bowsprit by the bobstay and dolphin-striker, and then contrive to reach the locker, where the arms were kept.

"It all depends upon what watch they keep," he whispered; "but we must venture it, for it is for dear life. We'll wait an hour, though, before we try."

For the whole of that space which he called an hour, but which seemed to be interminable, I sat there thinking of Ruth Murray and her sister, and wondering whether Lawson, my fellow-passenger, whom I had saved, was also on board, or whether he was numbered amongst those who had been thrown over.

As to the women, it was evident that, with the rest of the survivors, they were crouching down somewhere below, safe, probably, from the ruffians, their captors, till the coming of daylight.

Just then some one crawled slowly to where the Captain sat, and whispered:

"Do you know what became of Lonsdale?"

"Lawson!" I whispered, joyfully; and the next moment I knelt there, with his hands clasped in mine; for such an affliction as ours was sufficient to make us all brothers unto death.

At last, the Captain whispered his plans to us, and told us how to follow him; for, from the noise and talking it seemed evident that the pirates were all below carousing. As far as could be judged, there was no watch on deck, and, therefore, the task would be comparatively easy. There was hardly a breath of wind now, and the sails flapped softly against the masts, as the ship rolled in the trough of the sea.

"You understand?" whispered the Captain. "Follow me softly when I have made the boat fast, and if we fail, recollect we must try and retreat to her again. Follow me till you are all up, and then crouch together till my return. If I can reach the locker, we shall be all right, for I have the key. There are more arms in the chest, but I am afraid I cannot reach it."

The boat glided softly along the ship's side as soon as the Captain had reached up and cut the rope which held it as high as possible, but we could hardly distinguish the ship from the darkness on the other side, so pitchy black was the night. We were abaft the mizen chains, and, by slow degrees, the Captain worked us close beneath the bows; then we felt him rise up, secure the boat's head to the great stay, swing himself on to it, and climb gently away.

I was nearest to him, so I followed, expecting every moment that I should fall back into the boat. But the climbing was less difficult than I anticipated; the chains and cords around proving the greatest hindrance.

Lawson was close behind me, and, by slow degrees, we reached the bowsprit without mishap, and climbed inboard, to crouch together beneath the bulwarks, without seeing or hearing anything to make us think there was a soul save ourselves on deck. The light burned faintly by the binnacle, but it did not cast its light upon the face of any man at the wheel. There was a light, too, radiating from the cabin skylight, pointing out where the scoundrels put on board as prize crew were carousing.

The Captain gave a faint "Hist!" at last, as we crouched together; and then I felt for him, to ask if it would not be better to wait for an hour; but he had glided away into the darkness, and for what seemed to be quite half an hour, he was absent.

It was trying work lying there, though, expecting each moment to be discovered, and I found myself wondering as to the possibility of our attempt being crowned with success. True, there were eight of us, but possibly the prize crew might be eight-and-twenty. Then, too, there was probably not a man amongst us who had ever used sword or firearm save for sporting purposes; how, then, should we act in deadly fray?

"We're made of the same stuff as fighting men, though," I thought; and, in spite of the strange throbbing at my heart, there was a something which seemed to make my muscles grow each moment more tense, and I felt, at last, that whatever I might do with a cutlass, I could strike a good sharp blow with my double fist, sufficiently sharp to send a man rolling upon the deck.

I don't know whether the thoughts of those below nerved me, but I kept on thinking about them, till something in the dark brushed by me, and I knew the next moment that it was the Captain.

"All right!" was the whisper, and the hilt of a sword was thrust into my hand. "I have eight, and eight pistols—all I could carry. Mind, for they are loaded."

A pistol was now pushed into my other hand when I knelt there, with my breath coming thickly, for I felt that the time was very near now, and that many minutes would not elapse before we should be engaged in mortal strife; and I asked myself whether this was not cowardice which affected me.

"Every man thrust off his shoes," said the Captain now; and then, after a busy interval, "Now stand up, hold together, and follow me. Recollect what you are going to fight for; and if any man here feels a sensation of shrinking or dread, let him recollect the fate of poor Sims, and remember that there are those below waiting for us to help them."

No one spoke, but I heard the panting breath coming and going from the breasts around; at the same time, though, there was the faint "click, click" of pistols being cocked, a sound which whispered of determination; and then we prepared to steal forward, I believe to a man ready to do or to die.

It was dainty work, stepping over that deck, expecting each moment that an enemy would confront us; but we walked right aft without hindrance, and then stood listening to the Babel of voices which came through the cabin-door.

Here the Captain seemed to hesitate as to his next proceeding—whether to try and secure the way here, or, first, to ascend on to the poop, and attack the watch—for he whispered his belief that there were three or four men dozing by the wheel.

"We must risk about them," he said, at last. "If we can secure this party, we can easily manage the rest."

He had hardly spoken, before, from the sound, there seemed to be a general rising in the cabin, as if the crew were coming on deck.

"Now, then—pistols!" whispered the Captain. "Fire when I tell you, and all together; then take to your cutlasses, if they have not had enough. Remember poor Sims."

The next moment it was evident that the men were crowding forward; when, moved by more merciful feelings, the Captain leaned over the open hatch, and shouted, loudly, "Back, or we fire!"

He might have spared his breath, though—for with a howl of rage and defiance, the wretches began to rush up the stairs, when, moved by the same impulse, we all discharged our pistols, and then the hatch was dashed down, and secured as well as we could under the circumstances. No easy task, though, for shot after shot came crashing up. We had, too, now to turn and resist the attack of the party who had been by the wheel—only three, as it happened; and at the end of a minute, two were groaning on deck, while the other had escaped forward.

In less than five minutes from our coming aft, we had made ourselves masters of the deck; but the question was now whether we could keep it, for first came an alarm from the skylight; first a crash; then a couple of shots fired through; and directly after, a head appeared; but like a flash of avenging lightning, down came the Captain's sword, and, with a yell, the ruffian dropped back.

"Quick, here, a couple of those gratings—no, that piece of awning!" shouted the Captain; and it was doubled again and again, and laid over the skylight, when we had just time to answer the warning cry uttered by a sailor as a couple of the enemy came over the stern, having climbed from the window.

It seemed very horrible, but I believe it was stern justice, and that they well merited their fate, for at the end of a short fight, where wounds were freely given and taken, the wretches were driven backwards over the stern, and another climbing up to their help shared their fate.

"It's their death or ours, so strike home!" cried the Captain; and nerved by his example, the fighting force grew strong in us all, so that we successfully resisted attack after attack, till a dead silence ensued, and we seemed to breathe more freely.

"I don't like it, though," said the Captain, as we stood eagerly watching the weak points of our defence. "I'm afraid they are hatching more mischief. Keep a sharp look-out there.

It was, though, to a certain extent, chance-work, so great was the darkness. Twice over the enemy had sprung upon us suddenly from unexpected quarters, but our little party was so desperate that we were always successful; and, at last, morning sent forth the first streaks as we stood congratulating ourselves upon having so far succeeded.

But now there was a new peril in the shape of the enemy's vessel, which lay about half a mile away, and aboard which there was evidently some movement going on.

I pointed it out to the Captain, but he had already seen it.

"I know," he said. "But as soon as we attempt to set a sail or two, those scoundrels will make another rush, and then shoot us down in the rigging one by one. And, besides," he said, grimly, "whom can I send *there!*"

He pointed to the wheel, as he spoke, and I directly saw that whoever stood there would be simply placing himself as a mark for those in the cabin to fire at.

"And, besides," he continued, "I can't send you landsmen aloft."

"Is there any possibility," I said, "of there being any of our friends left on board?"

"Can't say—perhaps," said the Captain, hastily. "But look out."

His warning was needed, for one of the enemy—a savage-looking scoundrel as ever breathed—had, heedless of the fate of his companions, climbed up upon the stern, and, with utter recklessness, dashed at us, but only to meet the fate he deserved, for he was cut down by Lawson before he could do much mischief.

It was now broad daylight, and I saw the Captain's countenance brighten, as his eye swept the deck; and, calling one of the sailors, he ran forward to where the fore-hatch was covered with coil after coil of chain-cable. They set to, and in a short time it was dragged off, the hatch opened, and I left my post to run forward, as I thought, to congratulate those upon whom my thoughts had rested ever since I had been on deck. But I was wrong in my surmises—the women were not there. My disappointment, though, was somewhat mitigated by the reinforcement we received of ten sailors and four steerage passengers—unarmed, certainly, and one and all looking very pale and scared, for they had not realized that their friends had so far regained the upper hand.

A capstan-bar apiece, though, formed no despicable weapons for standing to watch a bulwark or hatch for a rising head; and, lighter of heart, we once more went aft.

The peril of an attack from the coming ship now grew imminent, and there being no time to lose, the Captain gave his orders, one or two more sails were shaken out to the light morning breeze, and, without a word, he went himself and took his place at the wheel. The spokes revolved a few turns, the sails filled, and the ship began to heel over, when there was the report of a pistol-shot, and I glanced at the Captain, expecting to see him fall, but no—he remained unmoved.

The next moment there was another shot, and another; and, at that last, the brave fellow gave a sudden start, and fell half over the wheel, but he was erect again the next moment, though I saw the blood trickling down his neck.

Action, and prompt action, was needed to cover him from the fire; and, helped by one and all in the heartiest manner, we were collecting gratings, and coops, and tarpaulins, when I saw that the Captain had keener wits than ourselves, for he had no sooner decided upon our ship's course, than, with a piece of rope, he lashed the wheel, and then came away.

"Only a scratch," he replied, in answer to my inquiry as to his wound. "Nothing worth mentioning."

Reinforced as we were, there was not much to fear from those below, so long as we had command of the deck; the great danger was from the vessel astern; and the question which prompted itself to every mind was, whether she was superior in sailing. The Captain was evidently determined to try the point, for, as fast as possible, sail after sail was set, and the water began to foam fiercely beneath our bows as we heeled over under the influence of the breeze. The pirate, too, was just as eager, and she was soon coming on under a cloud of canvas, and for a long time it seemed doubtful which was the better sailor. Now we thought her gaining upon us; now that we were ourselves the faster; but at last the matter grew beyond doubt—we were leaving her behind, and the setting of a couple of stunsails quite settled the matter. So joyful were we, that we forgot the danger below, and stood shaking each other's hands in congratulation at our escape.

And now our thoughts were bent upon establishing a communication with the cabin, where the women must, we felt, be shivering in dread; but though a hole was broken through the skylight, at the imminent risk of receiving a shot from some hidden enemy, we were disappointed—they were not there.

No one knew where they could be, unless it was in the little inner cabin; and while we were in doubt, there came enlightenment in the sounds from below; for it was evident from the crashing noise that the enemy were breaking down the bulkhead, evidently under the impression that they would be able to reach a place where they might attack us to greater advantage. To our horror, though, we were soon roused to madness, for the scoundrels had hit upon the place where the weaker of our party had taken refuge.

"It's of no use, we must rush them," said the Captain. "They will hold those poor creatures over us by way of threat, and leave us powerless to act. Who'll follow?"

He smiled the next moment; for, half mad with excitement, Lawson and I were tearing down all that had been laid over the cabin hatch, and, five minutes after, we all dashed down into the cabin.

I have a faint recollection of laying furiously about me in the midst of a yelling and howling crowd, pressed together in a small cabin; of hearing shrieks, pistol-shots, the dull impact of blows; of feeling as if I could hardly breathe in the smoke; and then something seemed to fall upon my head, thousands of lights danced before my eyes, and I suppose I fell, to be trampled upon by the struggling crowd.

I learned afterwards, from Lawson, that for a long time the victory was doubtful, for the enemy fought with the ferocity of wild beasts; but they were now outnumbered; and when reduced by further losses to six, they threw down their arms, submitted to be bound, and were made safe in a portion of the hold.

My next recollection is of waking, with the sea air blowing gently in through an open cabin-window; and when I made a slight movement, there was a soft, rustling sound close at hand, and a gentle face bent over me. Then two tender hands were applying cooling bandages to my head, my lips were moistened with wine, and all I could do was to lie and look, in a half-dreamy, happy state; for I tried to lift one hand to secure the little fingers which seemed to flutter about mine so lightly, but in vain; I was too weak; and, with a sigh, I waited for the coming strength.

"You are better, are you not?" was whispered to me. "Do not speak; only move your lips, that I may know you understand me."

I did speak, though, as the sweet face bent down; and, though my words were faint as a sigh, they brought a soft flush into my gentle nurse's cheek for a few moments.

"You must not try to speak," she said then. "You were badly wounded, and are now exhausted by loss of blood."

I knew it, but I was very happy—happier still in the quiet right of possession Ruth Murray maintained over me. For I was, indeed, hers; and but for her ceaseless watching night and day, at a time when there was no medical aid to be had, I must have succumbed. It may seem strange, but now, these years after, I can recall no happier hours than those when, still too feeble to raise a hand, I lay watching the play of Ruth's gentle features, lit by the glow which shone into the cabin from the sea, and listened to her voice as she read to me. It did not matter to me that the book was one that I had perused again and again; all I wished to hear was the voice whose tones seemed to lull me, and make me to forget the pain I was enduring. But it will not seem strange when I say that since those days, when pains, not bodily, have assailed me, that voice has ever been ready and able to assuage all bitterness of feeling; for, our voyage being ended in safety, and our prisoners disposed of, no long period was allowed to elapse before Ruth Murray became my wife.

As to the pirates, it was elicited from the prisoners that they formed part of a crew which had seized their vessel, and then been augmented by the refuse of some foreign port. Their career was doubtless short, for no more was heard of their piratical acts, which seemed to belong more to a century ago, when the black and red flag was frequently hoisted, than to days like these, when the main has become the highway of all nations, one and all ready to aid in crushing out such offenders. Ours was an eventful voyage, such as falls to the lot of few, though there are mysteries connected with the sea never to be solved. Many a gallant ship has sailed from port to be heard of no more; and, doubtless, the John Johnson would have been put down as one of the foundered, but for the bravery of our Captain, who had, indeed, proved himself to be worthy of his post.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

BY HENRY HARCOURT.

Some years ago I was traveling in Switzerland, and, when in La Maurienne—a famous haunt of bears—my thirst for adventure was so excited by the accounts given me by a resident of the place, named Raymond, of his success in hunting chamois and bears, that when he invited me to join him I eagerly accepted the offer, rather to his astonishment, I could see. As soon as he became convinced that I was in my senses, or rather that I was not, he took upon himself to provide me with the necessary weapons. A quarter of an hour after, we were among the mountains, our carabines upon our shoulders, and little hatchets, with well-sharpened edges, passed through our belts.

It was a beautiful autumnal day. Towards five o'clock in the evening, after having encountered nothing save a heath-cock and two quails, which Raymond poached and lodged in his bag, we began to think of returning home. In traversing an immense wood, almost impervious to the rays of the setting sun, Raymond, who was annoyed by the ill success of our chase, remembered that there was, at a short distance, among the rocks, a kind of little meadow where chamois were in the habit of grazing. He placed me on the look-out, recommended me to employ both eye and ear to prevent their escape, and left me, advising me to descend the mountain, if at the end of half an hour I had perceived nothing, and he was not returned. I saw him bury himself in the wood, then lie down upon his face and crawl like a serpent along a rock, behind which he disappeared.

As soon as I found myself alone, my first movement was to climb up a tree and inspect my position, in order not to be surprised. Twilight already extended its floating shadows beneath the fir trees, though it was scarcely six o'clock. I coolly prepared my carabine, and remained in an attitude of expectation.

During a quarter of an hour my eyes wandered alternately towards the two extremities of the path that traversed the wood. Nothing appeared. The second quarter of an hour slipped in like manner, while the increasing shadows invaded, little by little, the space around me, though the sun's rays yet illumined the horizon.

The half hour being at an end, I prepared to retreat. As I was about to lower my carabine, and hastily quit the solitary wood, where I felt but half assured, a noise that could not be caused by the flight of a chamois sounded along the path. I said to myself that it must be Raymond; and I advanced, as I thought, towards him, while the noise likewise approached. It was evident that something was trampling under foot the boughs detached by autumn from the fir trees; but the tread appeared too slow and too heavy for Raymond. I began to be afraid—a universal tremor seized me—and, by a last ray of the setting sun that penetrated brokenly into the wood, I recognised the new-comer. He was a bear of large size, with little fiery eyes and fallow hair, and gained upon me gravely, with lowered head, not yet suspecting my neighborhood.

At this moment, though without strength to fly, I had shouldered the butt-end of my weapon, and, urged by fear, my finger instinctively pressed the trigger. I know not how it happened—my bullet reached the animal, and he uttered a frightful roar. I have always thought that I deprived him of an ear.

In two bounds he was beside me. I had by this time disembarrassed myself of my carabine; and, when he leaned his two fore-paws upon the trunk of the tree which I had before chosen for a refuge, I was already established upon a pretty strong branch ten feet from him. I know not if terror gave me wings and courage, or if my character, once delivered from its every-day trammels, was urged by danger to the heroism of an extreme energy; but I bravely and with firm foot awaited the enemy, my eye fixed upon his, and my hatchet in my fist.

At first he remained standing against the tree, devouring me with his eyes, and breathing through his nostrils with a horrible rumbling noise; then he began to mount. When he arrived near me, I lifted the hatchet and struck at him. I did it too precipitately, for the blow glided over one of his paws that was in advance, and made an incision in the skin, without cutting off the limb.

But my friend, too slightly wounded to abandon the pursuit, and considering it due to his honor to have his revenge, remained undecided for a short time, uttering stifled howlings that lost themselves in the depth of the wood. In the end, after having recommenced climbing towards me, he all at once stopped, appeared to change his determination, and re-descended. Then I saw him smell the earth around the fir-tree. When he had finished, he looked towards me a last time, as if to assure himself that I was still there, and addressed himself to his work.

His intention was to dig around the tree, that it might fall. For a bear the idea was not ill-conceived; and I soon learnt that these animals are not wanting in perseverance.

Minutes passed like centuries; the night came on, and my courage began to fail. I could no longer see my frightful enemy; his rumbling respiration and the dull sound of his indefatigable labor alone reached my ears with the last sounds of the valley, where I reflected that every one, happy and tranquil, slept in peace, while I was delivered to a torment of which nothing can give any idea. After having listened for a long time, without hearing anyone coming to my aid, I thought that it was all over with me, and that the hour had arrived to regulate with heaven the affairs of my conscience.

I passed the night in prayer. The dawn appeared—the bear yet labored. The tree began to reel. At this moment I closed my eyes.

All at once the bear ceased to dig, and began to snuff windward. It appeared to me that a distant sound came through the fir-trees. The bear, lowering his head, listened with me. The noise approached, and I distinguished my own name called upon through all the mountain with tumultuous voices. Apparently my ferocious adversary became aware that powerful succour arrived; for after having again smelled the breeze, which brought to his ears cries from every side, he looked at me with an expression of profound regret, and went his way through a wood.

Five minutes afterwards Raymond was at the foot of the tree. It was time; it fell as I descended.

The evening before, Raymond, not having succeeded in tracing a single chamois, and believing that I had returned to the village, as he had recommended me, had descended thither himself, and retired to bed, without troubling himself further about me. In the morning, having learned that I had not reappeared, he had immediately retaken the way to the mountain in search for me, and all the village had followed him.

It is a Crime

To exhaust still further the vitality of an already feeble invalid with sharp evacuants and other strength-destroying medicines. No case of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, nervous weakness or periodic fever was ever cured in that way. What the debilitated sufferer needs is a remedy in which the properties of an invigorant, a stimulant, a mild aperient, a sedative, and a blood depurient are combined, and Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the only preparation before the world in which these essential sanitary elements are united in the proportions necessary to overcome disease without prostrating the patient. This agreeable and potent vegetable elixir is in the the truest sense of the word, a restorative, for it restores the strength of the body, re-establishes functional regularity, enriches the degenerated blood, and clears the clouded brain.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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Editor and Proprietor.

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R. J. C. WALKER, Proprietor,
727 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Evening, July 11, 1874.

NEXT WEEK!

PERSECUTED;

OR,

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY

DR. CHARLES C. NORTHRUP,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED; OR, COMPTON'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

Next week we shall give our readers the opening chapters of a new Serial, written expressly for

The Saturday Evening Post,

which we recommend to the perusal of all, as a strikingly clever and original romance.

"PERSECUTED"

is written in a charming, natural, and clever style; the story is concisely and dramatically told; there is no lack of excitement to wile the reader on, and, from first to last, a well-planned and well-developed plot is sustained with spirit and unflagging interest.

FIRST PLEASURES.

Truly, novelty is the spice of life. No secondary sensations are like the primaries; and habit, in the end, "stales every luxury." Repetition is the thief of enjoyment, as surely as procrastination is the thief of time. It is with pleasures as with sparkling wines; you can have the flashing globules, the rushing foam, the rare boquet, but once; cork up for after use, and the next draught will be flat and tasteless.

And, Oh! middle-aged reader, do you remember the pride with which you wore your first watch? It was a cheap affair, always at odds with the correct time; and the golden hunting-case that now rests in your pocket is of the finest workmanship, richly jewelled. But what a contrast between the indifference of to-day and the exultation of boyhood marks the exhibition of your respective treasures. The full beard which graces your maturity fails now utterly to excite the admiration and emotional anxiety with which you first regarded the incipient moustache of twenty years ago; and which was probably contemporaneous with your first love. Ah! that first love; do you not recall, with a smile now, as Jack clambers up your knee, those thrilling moments? Of course you do; the tide of passion may have singed and swayed you many times since, but your memory still retains an ineffaceable impression of that first bliss.

THINGS THAT ARE DENIED US.

BY FLORENCE STANLEY.

We listen entranced to some masterpiece of the great musician, played by a skillful hand! The music ceases, and the player vanishes, leaving us with the refrain of sweet sounds dying upon the air. Oh, that to us were given the power to draw sweet sounds from the now silent instrument! We know we have only to strike the right chords, and the pleasure of success is ours. But there is no music in the tips of our fingers, though the heart vibrates with its thrilling power. The gift is denied us. Some, indeed, without instruction, can call forth at will those sweet sounds; but, with most, there has been long years of toil, pleasant toil it may have been; but how have we spent those years?

But the singer's gift! O, heaven-taught singer, why, why to us was denied thy gift? We will have it when we put on the robes of angel-hood. In the heavenly choir no voice is silent. O, happy anticipation! But to the earth-born the gift is mixed with alloy. The high-strung sensitive soul feels, in pain, each discordant sound. And jarring and discordant sounds, alas! are more frequent in this sublunary sphere, than those of exquisite melody.

The poet's laurels! Ah! who would envy him?

> "And who will think, when the strain is sung,
> Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
> What life-drops from the minstrel wrung,
> Have gushed with every word."

This was the sad plaint of one whose life proved its truth. Ah, no! we envy not the poet's high gift. Their lives spent in noble aspirations and sweet, poetic breathings of

> "Truths, that the theorist could never reach,"

they gain at last the glittering prize of fame, to have it prove but Dead Sea fruit, and mingle its ashes with their own.

The painter transfers the glowing scene to canvas, and we stand before it, mute with admiration. We have no genius like this. But let us be thankful that we have, as the old historian, Gillie, expressed it, "the genius to admire." Not only the artist's "bit of nature," but the whole world of beauty. Why, there are accounted multitudes who walk under the stars, and never dream that they are beautiful. There are crowds who trample a flower into the dust without once thinking that they have one of the sweetest thoughts of the Maker under their feet. There are myriads of stolid eyes that gaze into the etherial vermilion of a sunset, without dreaming that Providence lighted the fire.

If we examine well this thing of existence, we shall find that unto each is given some precious jewel, which the experience of life is to polish, until they are gathered up—some, alas! are lost—to enrich the Crown of Life. We sit still in wonder, sometimes, at this, to us, strange distribution of gifts. But the Christian looks up with sweet assuring faith, for "He doeth all things well."

ONLY A COUSIN.

BY A. L. H.

"Nellie, what in the name of wonder is the matter with you? One can scarcely speak to you now-a-days without seeing tears in your eyes, or a cloud upon your brow. Now, what did I say or do to make you cry in that manner? Tell me!"

Here the speaker's voice softened from the annoyed, heightened tone he had at first adopted.

The person addressed stood at the window, half hid by the dark, flowing curtains, sobbing audibly. 'Twas a slight girlish figure; soft, golden ringlets fell in rich profusion to her slender waist; and the tiny hands, like snow-flakes, were clasped convulsively before her fair face, while the tears fell thick and fast. No answer came; only the sobs grew louder and more hysterical.

"Well, I've either to stay here and listen to the rain and storm all the morning, or go and see pretty Maude Melton, look into her bewitching black eyes, and learn my fate. Which must I do, Nell?"

And Henry Mordaunt threw his nut-brown curls from his high, white brow, and leant back lazily in the large arm-chair.

"Don't care what becomes of me! Umph! Oh, I know what's the matter! George hasn't been here for two days; he is a scamp to cause your dear heart so much pain. Why, my darling cousin, I'll go this minute and find the truant; he'll come back here in a hurry, I'll vouch for it. Then what will become of me? Oh, I'll drop in an hour or two at my own Maude's. Hasn't she the rosiest cheeks and blackest eyes you ever gazed upon?"

No answer.

"Nellie, I say!" And there was a merry twinkle in his half-closed eyes, as the pettish reply, "What do you want?" came from the pouting, red lips.

"Come here!"

"I shall not!"

"Oh, yes, you will. Come, Nellie!"

"No, I won't!"

"I have something to tell you. Come along." And the cruel young gentleman turned his handsome face towards her, and held out both hands invitingly.

Nellie raised her tearful blue eyes for a moment to his countenance; but the long lashes instantly swept the flushed cheeks, and, though taking one step forward, said, poutingly, "I'm not coming near you, you hateful thing, after what you said just now."

"What I said just now! What did I say?"

The lurking smile would show itself beneath the corners of his brown moustache, and twitch his full red under lip.

"You know very well how cross you were to me; and then you said that this was a dull old house, and everybody stupid in it; and—and——"

The other little foot slipped cautiously up to its mate.

"Did I say that? It must have been when I was at the window, and you wouldn't kiss me. Sure enough, I remember now. But come, Nellie; sit beside me, and tell me all about it. My memory is not very good."

Here he drew up a low-cushioned footstool, and very nearly bit off one end of his pet moustache, as he noted the little form approaching nearer.

"You never treated me in this way when you first came home from college, but you were as gentle and kind as—as——"

The poor little thing choked down the rising tears, and sat cautiously down on one side of the low seat.

"Look out!—you'll fall! There, now, this position is much more comfortable;" and Nellie found her curly head resting on Henry's chest, and his strong arm tenderly encircling her waist. Then the flood-gates were raised again, and how the rain fell.

"Darling, wee cousin, what grieves you? Do you regret sending poor George Hunter away, with that sad, stricken heart? It is not too late to recall him. Write one line on this slip of paper, and I'll hasten with the speed of Mercury, and make all right between you. What! You hate George Hunter, and everybody else, and you wish you were dead? Hush, Nellie; it makes me shudder to hear you talk so. Dead! how could I live without Nellie, my own dear love, my darling? And you hate, too, poor Henry, who loves this wee, trembling dove, so much?"

"Do you, Henry—do you? Are you in earnest? But of course you love me; I'm—I'm your cousin;" and she sighed heavily as the sunny head rested once more on its loving pillow. "Henry, I am sorry I was so cross and so bad-tempered. Can you forgive me?"

The blue eyes were raised entreatingly, but he evaded them, and kept gazing into the fire.

"I will, if you'll kiss me."

"No, no, Henry, I cannot."

"Not when I tell you that I am going far away to-morrow, and may never see you again?"

"Oh, 'tis not so. You are not going away, dear, *dear* Henry! I should be so lonely without you: *don't* leave me!"

"Yes, I must. Will you kiss me?"

The little form trembled: but it slowly arose, and looking sadly at the averted face of her exacting cousin, answered—"I cannot comply with your request, Henry; but will nothing change your purpose about leaving us so soon?"

How her voice quivered, though she tried to speak so calmly. The hard-hearted wretch! how serenely he appeared.

"Nothing—nothing except a sweet kiss from proud little Nell, and a promise from her that she'll some day soon be my own precious wife!"

"No, no. Am I dreaming? Look at me, Henry!"

He did gaze now into the lovely, loving face, and the little maiden saw enough to satisfy the great yearning in her unquiet heart; for with a glad cry she threw her fair arms around his neck, and Henry was saved from the tedium of his threatened journey, (if the good-for-nothing fellow had ever projected any).

(From the Daily Herald, Norristown, Pa.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, now over half a century old, has taken a fresh start under its new management. Good as it has been in the past, the new Proprietor promises to make it still better in the future, by introducing new features, and calling to his assistance writers of admitted ability and known reputation. The POST prints nothing that cannot be read at any fireside, without objection from the most fastidious, and this fact, in these days of sensational and demoralizing literature, should win it many friends.

THE IMPERTINENT PUPPET.

A Story for the Young Folks.

BY SOPHY SHARP.

"What are you doing there?" asked Jennie of Aunt Clara.

"Oh, nothing for little girls to see," answered Aunt Clara.

"Dear me, I wish I could see," murmured Jennie, twisting herself, for she was one of the most inquisitive little girls in existence. "Oh, what have you got, mamma?" running to look.

"Nothing for meddlers," returned her mother, hiding what she had in her hands.

Jennie went up-stairs pouting, and her attention was arrested by a new object.—The blue door stood open. Doors open in any house, but a particular interest attached to this house. It was the door of her fairy godmother's room, which she was strictly forbidden to enter because of her meddling propensities; but her fairy godmother was away, and Jennie could not resist the temptation to peep—only to peep. She promised herself that she would not step a foot into the room. She pushed the door very gently open, and the first thing that she saw was a crowd of little wax dolls, shut up in a glass box that stood on a table in the midst of the room.

These dolls were splendidly dressed in velvet and satin, embroidered with gold. They were not longer than your finger. They had golden curls, blue eyes, and a soft color in their cheeks; and what was most wonderful, they were all in motion, as if alive. They frowned, they peeped eagerly about, and beat on the glass with their tiny hands, as if trying to get out; so that Jennie very naturally could not take her eyes from them.

Very naturally, too, the longer she looked, the more curious she became to know whether they were alive or moved by some wonderful machinery, and when Jennie was curious, she was in the habit, I am sorry to say, of indulging her curiosity, whether she had been forbidden or not. Over and over again, she had been cautioned not to enter this room, and, above all, not to touch anything in it; but she easily persuaded herself that she could not go away without handling the wonderful dolls, and satisfying herself if they were alive. She stole into the room on tiptoe, saw the key, hanging by the box, took it down, unlocked the box with a trembling hand, and——

Well, Jennie at first did not know what had happened to her. They were crowding into her ears, and up her nose, and down her mouth, and pulling open her eyelids to peep into her eyes, these wonderful dolls that she had let loose. They swarmed over her like flies, and chattered like magpies.

"Oh, where does this go?" screamed one, plunging into her pocket, and followed by half-a-dozen others. There they rummaged and bounced about to get into her purse, and find out what was in a little paper parcel. It was like having a pocketful of mice, if mice could talk, and were the most inquisitive creatures in the world. Nothing escaped their notice. They swarmed up her sleeves and down her neck, and through her hair, exclaiming, "What is this?—Where are you going now? What have you found? I wish I knew what this was for," till Jennie was almost beside herself.

She was in a terrible fright, besides, lest her fairy godmother should come and catch her there: and so, getting up suddenly, she dashed towards the door, intending to shut the meddlesome little creatures in, and let her godmother think what she liked; but they were too quick. At her first move, there was a general buzz and scamper.—"Where is she going now?" "What is she going to do?" "Where are you going?"

Frightened nearly out of her wits, she ran to her room; but they were there as soon as she. She sat down in despair. They came crowding around her, and staring at her.

"What are you sitting here for? What are you going to do now?"

She went to her window, and they followed her, buzzing, "Oh, look here, what is this?"

They pulled open boxes and rummaged drawers. Jennie was a neat little body; but they were not at all particular. When they found a parcel hard to open, they tore it, and trampled, and crowded, and pushed, in the very midst of the flowers and laces—so curious were they to see. It made Jennie so wretched to watch them that she was just about to get a book, when her friend Clara Hope came in. Jennie pulled Clara to one side, and began to talk to her about what had happened, in a very low tone of voice.

"What is that you say?" shouted the leader, scrambling on the bureau, and followed by the rest, in such a hurry, that they came tumbling one over the other. "What are you talking about?" climbing in her chair and on her lap.

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Jennie.

"Isn't what dreadful?" screamed her tormentors, twisting and scrambling again to get a little closer. "What did you say was dreadful?"

Just then Jennie saw her fairy godmother standing in the door, and looking at her gravely.

"Oh, godmother, what are those tormenting creatures that came out of your room?" cried Jennie. "And how shall I get rid of them?"

"These tormenting creatures are your own curious thoughts and wishes, that have taken life," answered her godmother; "and when you have done with wishing to know all your neighbors' affairs, they will leave you, and not before."

"I shall never want to know anything that does not concern me again," sobbed Jennie.

And I should not think she would?—Should you?

MIXING WITH STRANGERS.—The effect of mixing with new people, who have new ideas and new methods of thought, is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same thing, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, if only for a short time, to mix with strangers, and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed rounds. And there are mental and moral invalids who need the same change, to get their minds and hearts enlarged, and let in a little more of the great lights of life. Outside influences are very valuable to those who at home have been well trained by healthful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pit-falls into which those who go blindly often fall.

RELIGION finds the love of happiness and the principles of duty separated in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.

WORKING and thinking should go together, the thinker working, and the worker thinking.

THE APPLE-BLOSSOM.

BY JANE DIXON.

O bloom of the apple so bright!
Rich rose bloom, dissolving in white!
When Phœbus's brush
Wrought thy beautiful blush,
It must have been dipped in the dawn's tender flush
Of softest, most exquisite light.

The blossom of Ariel art thou!
"The blossom that hangs on the bough!"
That sweet cowslip-bell
A wild story might tell
Of his feats on the sward, where thy petals so well
Adorn its grave Malachite brow.

He may lead pretty Mab by the hand,
To trip with his light-footed band
Here, on blossom-strewed rings,
While the Nightingale sings,
And the bats wheel in time, with their broad, flapping wings,
Till they bear the fays home to their land.

O bloom of the apple! my rhyme
Should be read after day's golden prime,
When flowers go to sleep,
And pale stars rise and peep
Into orchards where sprites a long revel might keep,
And elfin harps softly chime!

A BROTHER'S VENGEANCE.

BY C. B. CLARK.

"They were brothers—these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near."
—*Roll Call.*

And both these brothers loved the same woman! It is an old story, of man's devotion and woman's trust, yet it seems new with each tale that is told. A story of a noble heart, which learned to suffer, and do a brave, good deed, for another's happiness. Let me tell the *story*, over a good man's grave.

William and Dare Carroll were brothers—and twins. From the very cradle, their love for each other was like that of David and Jonathan, "passing the love of woman." In their school days they were never apart, and as they passed into man's estate, the "Carroll boys" were pointed out as an example of true brotherhood of heart. At twenty-five they were two strong men, with short brown curling hair, deep blue eyes, and noble presence. It was needful to know them well to tell them one from the other, but their best friends knew that William had a small scar on the forehead, the result of an accident when a boy, by which he was known.

At twenty-five came their first great grief and quarrel. They loved the same woman, as I said, and she was worthy of a good man's love. A dainty creature, with sunny hair and deep grey eyes, out of which looked a noble soul; sweet Millicent Vane, the daughter of the captain of the Dominion steamer, St. Lawrence.

They lived in a great lake port, upon the American coast; a city which, from its many hills, looked down upon broad Ontario. Far away to the north stretched the great lake, dotted with myriad sails, and the smoke of steamers and tugs, passing to and fro. Long points, ending in ledges of grey rocks, dangerous to shipping, ran out on the east and west. On the crest of the bluff to the east stood the fort, with the muzzles of its guns peeping from the embrazures, and the starry flag floating above it. To the east of the fort was a broad parade ground, where the troops were exercised, and there, in the failing light, a fair girl was walking alone. She paused, and fixed her eyes on the red sun sinking beneath the waves, crowning them with a golden glory; when there came a quick step, and a young man turned the eastern angle of the fort, and came toward her. One of the "Carroll boys"—but which? She knew, for as he came nearer she saw the scar upon his forehead, which, under strong excitement, looked like a crimson stain.

"Milly," he said. "I knew you were here, and came to join you."

"I am glad to see you, Will," she answered. "Look at the sunset; is it not beautiful?"

But he had no eyes for the sunset. He only saw the deep, earnest eyes; the sweet, tender face, and the beautiful form of Millicent Vane. He looked at her with hungry, appealing eyes, for, from the depths of a great, earnest soul, this man loved her.

"I came to meet you purposely, Milly," he said, in a dry, husky voice. "I—Milly, do you know that I love you better than anything on earth? I would give my life to win your love—I tell you I would give my life."

"No, no, Will," she cried, putting up her hands in an eager way, as if to stop him. "You don't know what you are saying, or how hopeless your love is."

"Hopeless!"

Will Carroll reeled blindly back, as a man who had received a dagger in his bosom. Hopeless! And he had dreamed of a happy home with her, of a fireside of his own, with her smile to make life sweet. She did not need to speak again, for in that one word he had received his death blow.

While he stood looking at her with a world of agony in his face, another figure turned the angle of the fort, and came forward with a quick step. It was Dare Carroll, and he greeted his brother with a jolly laugh.

"Stole a march on me, Will," he cried. "If this goes on, I shall be jealous. Why, what is this?"

He stood astonished, for Will faced him with clenched hands, the scar upon his forehead glowing fiery red, in his fearful excitement. It needed nothing to explain to Dare Carroll that his brother was wild with anger.

"It was you, then," he hissed. "You, the brother I have loved so well, who has dared to come between me and happiness."

"Will!"

"Don't speak to me in that way unless you want me to do a deed which would make the city tremble. Oh, my God! I must go—or kill some one!"

He turned and fled up the beach like a madman, and Dare Carroll cast himself down upon the grass, and covered his face. His brother, who had slept on the same pillow for years! His brother Will, whom he loved as men seldom love each other, was his rival and enemy! The gentle touch of Milly made him raise his head.

"Be comforted, Dare," she said. "I know William Carroll, and he will come out of this trial, gold thrice refined. You sail in an hour, do you not?"

"Yes; but I cannot go away until I have seen Will."

"You must not see him now. In two weeks you will return, and by that time your brother will be himself again. He will always love me, but he will bury that love in his breast, as a brother should, and take your hand. Let us go."

An hour later, the schooner Lapwing, Dare Carroll, Master, passed out between the piers. At the foot of the lighthouse stood Milly, waving him a good-bye. On the east pier-head, with his strong arms folded on his breast, was Will Carroll, disregarding his brother's salute. Neither man nor woman stirred until the white sails of the Lapwing became a mere speck against the sky, miles away; and then each, with a heavy burden at the heart, went separate ways.

Two weeks passed and Milly had not seen Will Carroll. It was time for the Lapwing to return, and long before the sun went down Milly stood upon the parade, watching for his coming sails. She was so intent on this that she did not see that Will Carroll had come up, and was standing like a statue, looking gloomily out to sea. The wind was rising in fitful gusts, increasing in violence at each moment, and the voice of Will Carroll suddenly rang in her ears.

"A storm is brewing, which will sweep the lake like a demon let loose, Millicent Vane," he cried. "And the Lapwing has sailed!"

"Will!"

"Yes, she has sailed, carrying my rival. Why should I care, since he has robbed me of all hope of happiness?"

"Your *brother*, Will!" she said, sadly.

"Yes, my brother; the man I loved so dearly, that two weeks ago I would have given life itself to save his. But now——!

The sky grew darker and more threatening. Great black clouds rolled up, and they knew that a squall was coming from the north. The lightning began to flash, and the scattered fleet outside could be seen making for the harbor under full sail.—Every tug was out and busy, for they knew the danger at hand. Hark! A sullen and fast increasing roar, and out of the gloomy haze at their feet, scarcely two miles away, a schooner came flying on under full sail. But, fast as she came, the squall was more rapid in its course.

"The Lapwing!" cried Will. "Look! look!"

Nearly all the fleet had gained the harbor in safety, but at this moment the squall struck the devoted schooner with terrible force. Her foremast was snapped like a pipestem, and she was thrown on her beam ends. The cargo shifted, and she was doomed. No seamanship could save her, as she drifted helplessly down towards the line of breakers, half a mile below the fort.

"Your evil prayers have borne fruit, William Carroll," sobbed Milly. "Your brother, my lover, must die."

The man uttered a wild shriek, and started on a run toward his boat-house on the beach, a few rods below. Half a dozen men were at the doors, but could not open them, when Will burst in among them, and flung open the doors.

"Why don't you get out the boats, you useless lubbers," he cried. "Bear a hand here—lively."

The men worked with a will, and ran out a long surf boat, which was quickly manned. The Lapwing was on the reef, rapidly breaking up, and a few dark forms could be seen in the rigging. Milly touched Will Carroll on the arm, and he was appalled by the look in her face.

"I know, I know!" he gasped. "You need not speak a word. I will save him, or die."

They tried to launch the boat, but each time the surf hurled them back.

"Some one must carry out a rope," cried Will. "I'll swim it."

No man tried to stop him, for his brother was there, and they knew nothing of the quarrel. A moment more, and he stood stripped to the waist, with a light but strong rope about him, and the other end trailing on the beach. Another moment, and he was lifted in the arms of six strong men, who, following the returning wave, cast him headlong into the sea. He was lost to sight for a moment, and when next seen he had passed through the surf line, and was swimming manfully toward the schooner. Five minutes of anxious suspense, and they saw him clinging to the rigging of the wrecked schooner, and making his rope fast to the stump of the foremast.

Dare Carroll worked his way to the side of his brave brother, and the two clasped hands.

"Am I forgiven?" whispered Will.

"I have nothing to forgive," said Dare. "Forgive *me*, for being so blind, my only brother."

So this, which small spirits would have nursed into a lasting enmity, was William Carroll's vengeance. The crew went over the rope to the shore, one by one, and Dare had laid his hand upon the rope when a great sea leaped up and Will was gone.

Dare was dragged ashore half fainting; but no man ever saw Will again until, a week later, they found him lying on the beach, miles below, smiling as if asleep. And Dare Carroll's children have been taught to speak with adoration the name of their Uncle Will, who died to save their father's life. The one sin of his life atoned for, this brave man sleeps well.

PERFUMES.

It is generally supposed that all the essences of flowers are produced by distillation. This is far from being the case; some of them would be seriously injured by such a process, and are caught and fixed, as it were, by what may be termed a fat-trap. In the flower season at Cannes plates of glass are thinly covered with clarified inodorous fat; upon or under this fat the flowers are placed, and the power this substance has to absorb and retain perfumes is astonishing. On these sheets of glass the most delicate odors are thus fixed almost as securely as, on the collodion-prepared plates, the most delicate pictures are retained. In this way the jessamine, the violet, the tuberose, and orange perfumes travel across France, and arrive here as pure as the day they were given forth from the flowers themselves. The emancipation of the odor from its imprisonment is very simple; the fat, cut into small cubes, is placed in spirits of wine, and the delicate essence immediately deserts the coarse fat for the more spiritual solvent.

Mr. Piesse, in his interesting work on perfumery, says that, "while cultivators of gardens spend thousands for the gratification of the eye, they altogether neglect the nose. Why should we not grow flowers for their odors as well as colors?" And we may add that ladies may easily utilize some of our own waste garden perfumes. Heliotrope, the lily of the valley, honeysuckle, myrtle, clove, pink, and wallflower perfumes, such as we get in the shops, are made-up odors cunningly contrived from other flowers.—Yet they may be made pure with a little trouble. "I want heliotrope pomade," says Mr. Piesse in despair; "I would buy any amount that I could get." And the way to get it is very simple. If there is a glue-pot in the house, and it happens to be clean, fill it with clarified fat, set it near the hot-house fire, or any other fire, just to make the fat liquid, and throw in as many heliotrope flowers as possible; let them remain for twenty-four hours, strain off the fat, and add fresh ones; repeat this process for a week, and the fat will have become a pomade à la heliotrope.

The same process may be gone through with all the other flowers mentioned. A lady may in this manner make her own perfume, and we may add, in the words of Mr. Piesse, "one that she cannot obtain for love or money at the perfumer's."

NONE talk so loudly of benevolence as those who subsist on it.

NEWS OF INTEREST

STONES and idle words are things not to be thrown at random.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth died, three thousand gowns were found in her wardrobe.

"ODD come shorts" is a Somersetshire phrase. It means, "Any odd things of a trivial or miscellaneous kind."

UP to 1681 the women's part in ballets in Paris were invariably filled by men with masks, with the exception of court ballets, where the princesses themselves danced.

THE Persians believe that diamonds are entitled to especial veneration, not so much from their intrinsic or saleable value as from their so-called divine origin, as they hold the theory that these stones fell from heaven at a very early period of the world's creation.

"WHITE Coal" is the latest Australian discovery. It consists of felted cabbage fibres, like peat, which contain, interspersed between them, fine grains of sand. It is easily combustible, and burns with a bright flame. The white coal covers large tracts, requiring no mining, and is said to be already used to a large extent for fuel.

THE Public Debt of the United States, which, in 1866, one year after the close of the war, amounted to $2,773,236,173, has now been running on interest for nine years having within that time been reduced to $2,256,018,431 in December, 1873. The interest paid to bond-holders on this running indebtedness and cost of collection of taxes, has already amounted to about $2,000,000,000, still leaving the above enormous sum of over two billions of money to be liquidated by further taxation, the total debt having been reduced in nine years only $517,217,692.

IN France, for many years, no actor was allowed to be buried in consecrated ground. The profession was looked upon as a dishonorable one. For a long, long time, Molière, the greatest actor of his day, and the first of French comedy writers, was simply a stroller, wandering from town to town with his company, and picking up a rather precarious living. It was only after severe struggles that he succeeded in locating himself in Paris. To-day the great actors are the boast of Paris, and perhaps no people express stronger admiration for those who succeed on the stage than the Parisians.

THE French Bishop of Canton has just sent to the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, at Paris, a plant whose flower changes color three times a day. It is spoken of as another wonderful evidence of Chinese art in leading nature out of her customary paths. It is not more remarkable than a natural floral freak of southern Australia, a beautiful flower, similar to our well-known morning-glory, with five streaks of color on its bell-shaped calyx. In the early morning the color streaks are pale blue. Towards noon they turn to a rich purple tint, which changes to a light pink during the afternoon. As the day declines the color fades, disappearing entirely after sunset, when the flower closes and dies.

MUSLINS.—An Indian native woman with her fingers and spindle alone, and a native man with his toes and bamboo loom alone, will spin a thread and finish a piece of muslin which cannot, by the application of the most delicate machinery, be produced outside of India. There is one quality of Dacca muslin, for example, which is termed "woven air." It is made only for king's daughters. So short is the staple of the raw material, and so brittle are its fibres, that it must be spun by a woman under twenty-five, and before the dew has left the grass in the morning. As a substitute for natural moisture, the evaporation of water from a shallow pan is sometimes used, but the quality of the work in that case is inferior. A piece four yards in length by one yard in width often weighs less than one ounce avoirdupois. The muslin is very durable, and will wash.

A LIVING POT-GUN.—There is a little fish, the chætodon, abounding in the Eastern seas, from Ceylon to Japan, which secures its prey by means of an instrument like the blow-pipe used by mischievous school-boys for projecting peas and other means of torment. The nose of the fish is a kind of beak, through which he has the power of propelling a drop of water with force enough to disable a fly, preparatory to swallowing it. His aim is accurate, and he rarely misses his object. The unsuspecting fly sits on a spray of weed, a twig, or a tuft of grass, near the water, pluming himself in the warm rays of the sun. The fish cautiously places himself under the fly, stealthily projects his tube from the water, takes a sure aim, and lets fly. Down drops the little innocent to be swallowed by the fish.

CHINESE ASTRONOMY.—Mr. John Williams of the London Astronomical Society, who has taken a great interest in Chinese astronomy, is in possession of a copy of the famous Encyclopædia of Ma-twan-lin, published in 1322. This work, comprising no less than one hundred volumes, includes, besides curious articles on religion, legislation, political economy, government, agriculture, natural history, etc., several chapters on astronomy. Thus it gives a long list of solar eclipses observed in China from the year 2158 B. C. down to 1223 of our era; a description of the heavens and of the twelve signs of the zodiac; finally a series of observations of sun-spots from 301 to 1205 of our era. These observations, made of course with the naked eye, have to do with forty-five sun-spots, supposed to resemble in shape various objects, animals, etc. Imperfect though they are, these observations show that the Chinese astronomers were by many years our predecessors in the study of sun-spots. It is generally held that Galileo was the first to observe them.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.—The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signatures, is in the form of a cross; and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently, the use of the mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The clericus, or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could, and those who could not, write; it was, indeed the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as *the mark* generally adopted. Hence the origin of the expression, "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

A HEAVENLY VISITOR.

BY MISS E. B. CHEESEBOROUGH.

Beloved, thy dead face rises up,
With the clear beauty of a star;
I see thee near as once I saw,
Not where thou art, so far
That, though I climb the mountain's height,
Thou still remainest out of sight.

And yet it seems this yearning love
Must bring thee back to me,
And that, some day, thy bark will glide
Adown the sunbrown sea
That bore thee swiftly from my sight,
Into the realms of death and night.

It cannot be that human love
Is such a feeble thing
That, though it stretches out its hands,
It has no power to bring
The severed links to join again,
And reunite love's golden chain.

So far, so far, and yet my heart
Holds thee in love so close,
Even as the perfumes wrapped within
The red heart of the rose;
What if thou sleepest death's long sleep?
Thy presence with me seems to keep.

And when the Evening folds its wings
Over the sleeping world,
When weary Day's bright artifamie
In quiet folds is furled;
When breaking hearts go out in prayer,
Must then I feel that thou art near.

LITTLE GREAT MEN.

It is a remarkable thing that some of the greatest men in history have been of small stature. Certainly, from all experience, height of person has no influence on the mental faculties. The chances seem to be that smallness of size, in fact, at times, a little lameness is advantageous. The reason for this is tolerably plain. Tall and robust men are apt to devote themselves to, or at least to derive so much enjoyment from boisterous pursuits, as to be rather indifferent to any specialty in mental culture. Men of small stature, and perhaps weak health, are, on the contrary, driven to mental occupation. Studying hard in their several vocations, they rise to distinction. A comforting reflection this for young men who have the misfortune to labor under personal infirmities. We propose to give a few notable examples of "little great men."

Of the three great world-wide conquerors whom Napoleon classed together—himself, Alexander of Macedon, and Cæsar—henlone was a little man. His predecessors were both of them men of a truly majestic presence, tall of stature. Alexander, indeed, if his portraits are exact, was remarkable for his handsome and manly aspect. Bonaparte was always presented in the English caricatures of him, both pictorial and verbal, as a kind of pigmy. When the vulgar English crowded to his levees as First Consul at the Tuilleries, in 1802, after the peace of the preceding October, to the disgust of the high-minded Sir Samuel Romilly, they were probably disappointed at not finding him to be a dwarf. "Bonaparte," says Miss Berry, in her lively description of one of his receptions, "by no means struck me as so little as I had heard him represented, and as indeed he appeared on horseback. His shoulders are broad, which gives his figure importance." Allusions to his stature were not always received by him with complaisance, but there is some humor in a correction which he once administered to one of his imperial grand chamberlains. The emperor had made several fruitless attempts upon tiptoe to reach a book placed on a high shelf in his cabinet. The official hurrying eagerly to his assistance, said awkwardly: "Permit me, sire; I am greater than your majesty." (*Je suis plus grand que votre majesté.*) "Please to say you are longer!" (*Dites, donc, plus long,*) said Napoleon, with a scornful smile.

An earlier victorious French soldier, whose name is invariably cited as the "Great Conde," was a little man; so was his admiring pupil, the Duke of Luxembourg, of whom William of Orange once angrily said: "I can never beat that little hunchback!" "How does he know I am a hunchback?" said Luxembourg, on hearing of the exclamation. "I have often seen his back, but he has never yet seen mine." The most celebrated of all naval English heroes, Nelson, was none the less endeared for his small size. The first of Russian warriors, the strange Suwarrow, was another of those leaders whose shortness of physical stature seems to be reflected in the short decisiveness of their actions, according to the proverb, "Little and quick." Suwarrow said that all his victorious tactics could be compressed into two words, "Advance; strike." He was famous, also, for the laconism of his dispatches, like many other earlier and later commanders of the first rank. Whenever he held a conversation, he studied to express himself with great conciseness. It seems to be a fact, however, that great generals of small size do not always prefer to be followed by small soldiers. Imposing stature has usually been in demand for the rank and file of fighting-men. Marius would not willingly enlist any soldiers that were not six feet high. Mr. Carlyle has pictured with vivacity the tall Potsdam regiment of Frederick William, "the great drill-sergeant of the Prussian nation." Aristotle says that the Ethiopians and Indians, in choosing their kings and leaders, had particular regard to the beauty and stature of their persons. Perhaps the Greeks, with whom physical perfection counted for so much, followed the philosopher's great pupil, Alexander, with more satisfaction for the splendor of his person. Many of the greatest wits and humorists have been insignificant creatures in appearance; for instance, Voltaire, Quevedo, and Scarron; the last called himself "an abridgement of human miseries." Le Sage, who was singularly handsome, and Swift, who was a tall and muscular man, are witnesses that the keenest wit is not confined to a small bodily lodging. Both Dryden and Pope were little men. Rochester nicknamed the former "Poet Squab," and Tom Brown always called him "Little Bayes." Pope was only less deformed than Quevedo and Scarron, and was almost a dwarf; his consciousness of his mean appearance made him the more laborious in the cultivation of his talents, according to Shenstone. He was more sensitive and petulant than the first poet of the children, Dr. Watts, who was also afflicted, like Pope, with a littleness of body, and with lifelong sickness. It is related that when the hymn-writer was one day sitting in a coffee-house, he heard a gentleman say in a low tone, "That's the great Dr. Watts;" while another exclaimed, "What a little fellow!" Turning to the two speakers, he repeated, with good-humored seriousness, one of his own verses. It has been called by some who have told the anecdote an impromptu:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul!
The mind's the stature of the man."

All biographers who have taken little persons for their subjects, agree in drawing the same moral as Dr. Watts.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[The serial was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. LUKER IS FOILED.

A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.—*Coleridge.*

Mr. Vanburgh, pawnbroker, was sitting in his *sanctum sanctorum* on the night of Doris Carlyon's ball, when Muriel Onslow, left at home alone, was going nearly mad with jealousy and rage. It was nearly shutting-up time; the iron shutters had been rolled down, and only the door was open in the modest jeweller's shop, which bore quite another name than his.

The pawnbroking establishment had been shut some time, the assistants therein had departed, and Mr. Vanburgh was alone. Presently a little bell tinkled, betokening that he was specially wanted, and he pushed some glittering jewels on one side, and covered them up before he inquired who wanted him.

"A gentleman on business," was the reply through the tube.

"Too late to-night," he answered. "Ten o'clock to-morrow."

"The gentleman's business is urgent," was the answer. "Can't wait till to-morrow."

The pawnbroker whispered back an answer that the gentleman was to be asked to wait, and then carefully put the gems he had been looking at back into their places and locked the drawer.

"The time is drawing near, my dainty lady," he muttered, "and I've heard nothing about the redemption of these. What does Mr. Dormer mean by writing to me like this, I wonder?"

Certainly the open note which lay upon the table was a little mysterious and perplexing.

"DEAR VANBURGH.—Have the jewels I once saw pledged in your shop by a lady for £6,000, ever been redeemed? If not, will you let me look at them? There is one old family jewel amongst them I wish particularly to see. I can't explain why in a letter—the subject is a painful one; but much depends on what I want to find out. Drop me a line to the club, and believe me, yours, &c., E. DORMER.

"An old family jewel," he said. "They all look like that—a little foreign, some of them, but worth a fortune. I should be sorry for the lady to lose her jewels, but I should like to keep them very much."

He looked carefully around the room to see that nothing was lying about, before he gave orders for the admittance of the stranger who was waiting. He was a wary man, and *en fait* to all the schemes of wily thieves and the excuses they could make for getting near precious things. Nothing was to be seen but the quiet, substantial-looking furniture, and sundry handles and key-holes, telling of safes let into the walls, and defiant of picks and jimmies. There were traps of all kinds for burglars, could any have got in; but the light was kept burning all night, and the fact of its being extinguished would have betokened mischief at once.

Into this cleverly-devised strong room, the person waiting to see Mr. Vanburgh, was presently ushered. He was a short, thick-set, essentially common-looking man, with keen, sharp eyes, and thin, hard lips. He greeted the pawnbroker with an easy nod.

"Evening, sir," he said.

"Good evening," was the laconic reply. "What may you want with me, my friend? My time is precious."

"I dareay. Worth a guinea an hour, I shouldn't wonder. Well, I can afford to pay for it."

"I don't doubt it; but it is not always a question of money. State your business, please."

"Well, it's very private. Sure there aint anybody listening?"

"No one. Mr.—a—a—— Did I hear your name, just now?"

"I don't think you did. My name's Luker—Septimus Luker, of the firm of Starling, Luker and Santon, Victory street, Melbourne. I'm pretty much the firm myself. Starling, he's an old man, and Shanton aint much account. I've come to the old country about a good many bits of business, and I think that I can get at one of them through you."

"Through me?"

"Yes. You see it's a life and death matter, and there's a big reward to be touched for it. As I told you just now, money's no object. I'll pay you for the time you waste on me."

"Pray come to the point, sir," Mr. Vanburgh said, with a slight expression of disgust. "We can talk about payment afterwards. What do you want?"

"To see some jewels."

"It is too late for that. The shop is closed."

"I don't mean jewels to buy, though I would give a good deal for one of them. I want to look at some that belong to another person—some that you have got locked up here for safety."

The pawnbroker smiled a little contemptuously, as he replied—

"My dear sir, you have come on quite a bootless errand, if you expect me to do such a thing. We never betray the secrets of our trade—never."

"I don't want you to betray anything. I know all about it. A young lady pledged some jewels with you a few month ago, for six thousand pounds—those are the ones I want to see."

Mr. Vanburgh could not repress a slight exclamation of surprise and dismay. Two people in one evening asking about these very jewels! What could it mean? Could it be possible that they had not been honestly come by, and that he was going to lose the money he had thought such a safe investment?

It was horrible to think of, and he got quite into a perspiration at the bare idea.

"I cannot let you look at anything under my charge," he said, after a pause, "unless, indeed, you come regularly authorized to look for stolen property, or anything of that sort."

"Stolen! Oh, no," Mr. Luker said, shortly. "I guess they are all the lady's own property, rightly come by. No, no, it's not theft I've come about; but, as I said before, a matter of life and death, and a very large reward."

"I'm very sorry," began Mr. Vanburgh.

But his visitor interrupted him at once.

"Look here, governor," he said, "I'll consent to anything if you'll let me see the darned things. I don't want to touch 'em, you may tie me in a chair if you like, and let some one stand over me with a pistol, so you'll just let me see them across the room."

"I tell you no. If you like to go to Scotland-yard and get a warrant and an officer, I shall be obliged to show you the things, and the onus will be off my shoulders. As it is, I distinctly decline to comply with your request, and must beg to wish you a very good evening."

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Luker. "I can't go to the police yet; the thing isn't far enough in train. I must see those things, being able to say one of them is here will help me forward more than enough. Hang it all, I'll pay for the sight of them as though they were a rare show, and you shall hold a pistol to my head, if you fear my treachery."

But Mr. Vanburgh was firm, and Mr. Luker was fain to go unsatisfied.

"Look here," he said, as a last resource, "if I describe the thing I want to see, will you tell me whether it is in your possession or not? If it is——"

"What then?"

"I shall soon finger that reward, and provide a pretty scandal for the fashionable folks," was the grim reply.

Again the pawnbroker refused.

"I will have nothing to do with it," he said, "till you come with a proper warrant for making inquiries. If your motive is strong enough to warrant police interference, their batons will prove an 'open sesame' to the safe where those jewels are. If not, the secret of what they are will rest with me."

"And confound him for a close, disagreeable old hunks," said Mr. Luker to himself, as he went away, discomfited. "I know it's there. The description I got of it from that chap in the shop, was clear enough. It's there, and he was looking at it while I was waiting."

"Is that a plan for a robbery, I wonder?" Mr. Vanburgh thought, as he looked to locks and bolts before starting for home. "If it was, he's failed. I wish to heaven the year was out, that I might get rid of the things, for she won't redeem them. She'll get further in mire, and come to me again, most likely."

There had been a witness and a listener to the conversation between Mr. Luker and the pawnbroker—one of the assistants, a pale, lanky, sentimental creature, who was always in love with some impossible or ideal beauty, and the present star of whose idolatry was Doris Carlyon.

He had spoken to her two or three times, having been sent to her with notes from his master now and then, concerning these very jewels, and had seen her as often as he could find time to go to the park or linger about the door of her house waiting for a glimpse of her. She was his idol at present—likely enough to be deposed as soon as she went away from town, or some fresh beauty came within his ken; but just now she was all in all.

"Does it mean any mischief to her?" he said, as he left the shop. "If I thought such a thing possible, I would strive to see her and tell her of it, even though her pampered menials should thrust me forth with scorn."

Mr. Lambton reveled in melo-dramatic sentences, and would rather have enjoyed the thrusting forth if Doris could have been there to see and rescue him.

"That letter was about those pledges," he said to himself. "I read every word of it over the governor's shoulder; and now this fellow. I will go. I may warn her of some evil by simply telling her of it."

Doris was dressing for her ball that evening, and sitting wrapped in her *peignoir* before her glass, when her maid came up, and announced a young man to speak to her on business.

"Business! Nonsense! I can't see any one to-night."

"He won't take no for an answer, miss," the girl replied. "He says it's a matter of life and death, and he comes from Mr. Vanburgh's. He's been here before, I know."

"I don't think Mr. Vanburgh's messages can be so important as that," Doris replied, with a smile. "However, as he comes from there, I suppose I had better see him. Tell him to wait in the breakfast room, Francine."

In a few minutes she walked into the room in all the dazzling brilliance of her ball costume, thoroughly turning poor Mr. Lambton's head, and making him almost forget the business that brought him there.

"You come from Mr. Vanburgh, I am told," Doris Carlyon said, in her most amiable manner. "What is the message, please? You can see I am very busy."

"I come on no business of Mr. Vanburgh's, madame," he faltered.

"Indeed!"

Her tone was haughty enough now, and he quailed under her look.

"No; but business that nearly concerns you, I think."

"Tell it quickly, if you please."

And thus adjured, he told her how two people had been asking to see the jewels she had placed in his master's keeping; how Mr. Luker had said there was life and death and a large reward to him depending on his seeing a certain article amongst the gems she had pledged.

"Did he say what it was?" she asked, breathlessly.

"No, madam."

"And you have no idea?"

"Not the slightest."

She bade him describe Mr. Luker; but neither his description of him, nor the name Luker, nor the fact of his coming from Melbourne, told her anything.

"I cannot imagine why any one should want to see those things," she said. "I thank you all the same, Mr. Lambton. You may have done me a service; you can do me another."

Mr. Lambton would be charmed—delighted. It would send him to the seventh heaven only to obey Miss Carlyon's slightest wish. Would she tell him what he could do for her?

She would, and did, flattering and cajoling him the while, till he would have murdered his dearest friend for her sake, and then sending him forth, after such a repast as he had never eaten in his wildest dreams, to risk honor, reputation, all that makes a man hold his head up in this world, at her evil bidding.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

REMORSE.

Revenge at first, though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.
—*Milton.*

Muriel sat alone for long after her conversation with Ernest Dormer. The day broke fully, the servants got up, and she heard the usual sounds of the bustle of household life beginning about her, and still she sat staring blankly at the window, the shutters of which she had opened, and maturing in her heart a scheme of terrible revenge against her recreant husband.

"Did I nurse him back to life for this?" she said, passionately, pacing to and fro with clenched hands and flashing eyes.—"That he should scorn me, lie to me, leave me for her, the sorceress. But he shall not—he shall not exult in her wicked love. If I find him there, and I shall, he shall learn what it is to outrage an insulted wife—to forsake his home for a wanton."

Her head was burning and her cheeks flushing with feverish madness. She was hardly conscious of what she was saying or doing. Presently her maid, missing her from her room, began to wonder what her mistress was doing, and where she was, and came downstairs inquiring in some alarm.

"She's in there," the porter said, indicating the breakfast parlor. "She took a gentleman in there hours ago, and she hasn't come out since."

And he shrugged his shoulders in a way that spoke volumes. He had been hall porter to a duke in his day, and considered himself quite at liberty to comment on the proceedings of new people like his master and mistress, who were no one knew who, and had come from no one knew where.

"You are mistaken in my lady if you think any harm of her," the girl said, indignantly, for she loved her mistress dearly. "If she hasn't come out the gentleman has, I'll swear."

"You needn't swear—I didn't say he had not," retorted the man. "He's gone right enough long ago. It was Mr. Dormer, and I thought he brought some bad news. I heard my lady crying not long ago."

"And why didn't you call me, stupid?—You might have known I was wanted."

"My lady didn't order me to," the man replied, the fact being that he had gone to sleep and forgotten all about Ernest Dormer's injunction to him to send for Mrs. Onslow's maid.

It was no business of his, he thought, and troubled no more about it.

The girl knocked, and receiving no answer, went in. Muriel was walking up and down, staring straight before her, and muttering to herself.

"If you please, my lady," began the girl, aghast; but receiving no answer, she went up and touched Muriel on the arm, starting back at the muttered words that fell so ominously on her ear.

"Will they hang him, I wonder?" she said. "How would she like to see him with the rope around his neck? It wouldn't be so soft as her white arms, but 'twill be a more fitting necklace!"

"She's mad," said the girl to herself. "What shall I do?" and she touched her again. "My lady," she said, "will you please come up-stairs?"

The quiet voice and manner did more towards restoring Muriel's composure than anything else could have done.

"Oh, is that you?" she said, pausing in her hurried walk. "What do you want?"

"Will you not come up-stairs, my lady, and let me dress you? You have been up all night. I have some coffee ready in your dressing-room."

Muriel put her hand to her head.

"Yes, I remember," she said. "I could not go to bed, of course. I have had a terrible headache, and don't feel quite myself. You shall dress me and give me some breakfast, Harper, and then I shall be better. I have heard something that has upset me a little, that is all that ails me."

"Will you have master sent for?" the girl asked. "Indeed, you look very ill, my lady."

Muriel's maid always gave her brevet rank, and called her my lady. She said it came more natural to her than ma'am.

"Your master," said Muriel, with a smile. "Oh, no! If he doesn't come home before I have breakfasted, I will go to him. I know where to find him. I want to look as well as possible this morning, Harper, so put on what you think becomes me best."

There was a feverish wildness about her while she was being dressed that terrified the girl, who saw that, though she strove with all her might to eat, she could not force down a morsel of food, but gulped down her coffee with feverish eagerness.

"Shall I attend you, my lady, or will you have the carriage?"

"I shall not want the carriage nor you. I shall go alone."

The girl wondered more and more when her mistress went out in an elegant walking toilette at ten o'clock in the morning. She would not see her children or kiss them before she went.

"It would unnerve me," Harper heard her mutter, "turn me from my purpose, if I looked into their innocent faces. No, I will not see them."

"And I hope to goodness she isn't gone mad, and the purpose she talks about isn't killing herself," her maid said, with tears, to the housekeeper after Muriel was gone, for which speech she was sharply bidden to hold her tongue, and not be a fool.

"What on earth should she want to kill herself for?" the housekeeper said. "Hasn't she got everything that women can wish for—a good home, and husband, and children."

"Ah, she's got them, but she isn't happy in them. I know what I know, and there's mischief coming to her, I'm sure."

It didn't seem as though there were. Muriel stayed out a good many hours, and then returned calm and placid, and not looking any more sad or wearied than she had done for months. The evening passed off very quietly. A friend or two dropped in, as was very often the case, and the servants heard their mistress's rich, melodious voice sounding through the drawing rooms as she sang and played to her guests.

"Looks like killing herself, don't it?" the housekeeper said to Harper. "Don't take any more fancies like that into your stupid head."

"If I do, I shan't tell you; but I have my thoughts for all you can say. There's something going on more than you can tell."

Harper was right. There was something going on in Muriel's breast more than her guests could guess at. A tempest of rage, scorn, and longing for revenge was raging under that calm exterior. The time for repentance had not come yet.

Her destination in the morning had been Doris Carlyon's house, and she had walked thither with a proud, firm step, unheeding the remarks which were passed freely by the tradespeople in the streets on her appearance and manner.

The servant who opened the door regarded her with unequivocal amazement, and would hardly admit her into the hall.

"I am Mrs. Onslow," she said, haughtily. "I wish to see my husband. He is here, I know."

"There is no one here, madam," the man replied. "Mr. Onslow left with the other gentlemen early this morning—about five, I think."

"Then Mr. Onslow has returned. I will wait till you choose to send my name up. Take it to your mistress if you will not give it to him."

"Miss Carlyon is not up yet, madam."

He hardly knew what to do, she was so persistent. He could not order her out, and yet it was more than his place was worth to take in her name just then.

"I assure you, madam," he began, "Mr. Onslow is——"

But she stopped him with a contemptuous gesture just as Mrs. Bellew appeared in the hall. That worthy lady had retired early, and was up again, to the servants' great discomfiture, poking about, as they declared, and looking after things in a way that greatly interfered with their surreptitious feasting downstairs on the remnants of last night's supper.

"My dear Muriel——" she began, in astonishment, but stopped at the white look on Muriel's face. "Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"Not much, as the world judges these things," was the cold reply. "I came here to see my husband, Mrs. Bellew—not much for a wife to ask, is it? This man tells me he is not here. He is a liar, and he knows it; but he is paid for lying, and only obeys orders. I know Jasper Onslow is in this house, and I demand to see him."

"Go downstairs, Dickson," said Mrs. Bellew, quietly, to the servant; "I will go up-stairs with Mrs. Onslow. My dear girl, you are not well; you are terribly feverish and excited-looking."

"Perhaps I am. I have come to fetch him. That is a wife's privilege, is it not? The wife of a navvy may fetch her Samson from the arms of his Delilah, may she not, when he stays away too long?"

"My dear, I don't like to see that look on your face, and to hear you talk like that," the kindly old lady said. "Come up to my room and sit down quietly with me for a little while. Mr. Onslow is from home, I do not doubt; but he is not here. Doris is in bed, and——"

"And my husband's hat and scarf are hanging here. Do not take the trouble to invent any more excuses, please. Whether you are that woman's accomplice or only her dupe, I do not know; but, whichever it is, show me to my husband before I proclaim the infamy of this wicked house to all the world."

"Don't, Muriel—don't, my dear," the old lady said, wringing her hands. "I am no accomplice of Doris—only dependent on her, as you know. No one has been more sorry for what has been going on than I have; but I am powerless here."

"Show me the way, please," Muriel retorted. "I am not enough at home here to go about unguided. Where is my husband? Where he is I have a right to be."

"Hush, dear, hush—don't talk so wildly. I will go up-stairs and see," said Mrs. Bellew, feebly wringing her hands.

But as she spoke, a door opened softly up stairs, and Doris Carlyon's voice could be heard speaking to a servant.

"I can find the way myself," Muriel said.

And before the old lady could speak, or the astonished servant who was coming down stairs could interfere, she had passed the latter on the stairs, and stood at the door of the room from which the sounds had issued.

The man who had spoken to her first had told no lie when he said that Jasper Onslow had left the house at about five o'clock. He had done so just before Ernest Dormer had gone back to inquire for him; but he had left Doris with a kiss, and a promise to come back to breakfast with her, and he had kept his promise.

"Muriel won't be up," he argued, with himself. "Why shouldn't I enjoy myself?"

And he had returned without going home, to find Doris, who never seemed tired or looked jaded when she had a motive in being fresh and radiant, waiting for him at a daintily-furnished breakfast table, just the thing to tempt the appetite of a man who is sated with the night's excesses; and Jasper was jaded, albeit he had been to his club and roused up the sleepy porter, and had a bath and a brush up, and the luxurious little room, with its rare beauties of flowers and china, and above all the intoxicating presence of the siren of the place, lulled him into a dreamy happiness akin to the intoxication of opium eating.

"You don't take any breakfast," said Doris, as she watched him trifling with the food on his plate.

"I can't."

"You must. You never eat anything hardly."

"I'd rather look at you."

"That's very rude. I can't eat when I'm stared at. Do you know what I should do if I were your wife?"

The words were spoken with a half smile, half sigh, and she sent him a look out of her dark eyes that made him quiver all over.

"Consider yourself in her place for the nonce, and do it whatever it is," he said, fondly.

"I should make you eat every bit of that Strasburg pie, and drink a cup of strong coffee. I'd feed you like an old hen bird."

She took up his fork with the untasted morsel upon it and held it towards him, and he was just replying to her with some light badinage, holding her other hand and looking into her face, when the door was flung wide open, and like an avenging spirit Muriel stood upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XL.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE RING.

Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

There was a moment's pause of bewilderment and consternation, and then Muriel spoke in her iciest and most cutting tones.

"Pray don't let me disturb so pleasant a *tete-a-tete*. Don't rise, Miss Carlyon; sit still, Mr. Onslow, I beg."

"Appearances are dreadfully against us, I must say," said Doris, forcing a laugh. In spite of her reckless bravado she was frightened at Muriel's sudden appearance, and the expression of her face. "Don't be angry, Mrs. Onslow, we are doing no great harm. Jasper played truant at my instigation."

"I don't doubt that for an instant," was the cold reply. "Jasper would do anything at your bidding. But as I said before, don't disturb yourselves, finish your breakfast, I shall interrupt you no more. I have got all I wanted in this house."

"And that was?" interrupted Doris, for Jasper said never a word, after the fashion of men when they are detected in the wrong-doing that makes homes unhappy.

"The proof that my husband was here, Miss Carlyon," Muriel replied coldly. "Your servant lied to me and denied his presence. Your aunt lied, and told me he was not in the house (though I believe from my heart that her lie was an innocent one) and all the while his hat and scarf were hanging before my eyes in shameful evidence of his presence here. I would not go till I was certain; the sound of your voices guided me to where I should find him, and now, having all I wanted, I will go."

"Stay, Mrs. Onslow. Jasper—Mr. Onslow, I should say—is about no harm; there is no crime in breakfasting with a friend at eleven o'clock in the day."

"No harm! Oh, none," was the icy reply. "It is difficult to tell, nowadays, where platonic friendship ends and sin begins; but you have overshot the mark this time, Doris Carlyon. My servants can testify that your paramour there was not at home all night. Yours, doubtless, are laughing over the knowledge of where he did spend the hours after your ball, and playing at battledore and shuttlecock with their mistress's honor. It has passed out of your keeping forever, you——"

"Stop, Mrs. Onslow!" said Doris, rising and facing her. "You go too far! Pause, before you speak words that you will bitterly rue."

"I shall rue nothing, but that I ever met yonder cringing coward, who has no word to meet his wife's just resentment, who shelters himself behind his paramour, knowing that nothing can be done to her."

"Muriel, I think you are mad," Jasper said, at length. "You are mistaken, as you will find presently. I will not argue with you now; you are angry, and with some show of reason."

"Show of reason! What wife and mother in all England would have borne what I have borne since an evil destiny threw that woman in our way again? Wherever she goes she carries a curse with her; and for this crowning insult, Jasper Onslow, you shall remember her only as a curse to the day of your death!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you shall very soon find that an outraged, insulted wife knows how to avenge herself. I will not be neglected and scorned for a wanton light-o'-love without bitter vengeance. Jasper, you have paid me well for all my devotion to you; you will soon see how I acknowledge the debt."

"If you propose to make a public scandal of this untoward accident," said Doris Carlyon, insolently; "you will be the greatest sufferer. People may blame your husband, and condemn me; but they will pity you, and you will find that harder to bear."

"Mr. Jasper Onslow will find any public scandal that I shall make of a different kind than the *eclat* of a *liaison* with you, shameless that you are," said Muriel, looking straight into her husband's face, with keen, pitiless eyes. "I told you you should rue the day, Jasper Onslow, that you outraged me too far. The crowning insult of passing the night under this evil roof shall be the last you shall offer to me or any one."

She turned coldly to both of them, turned from the door, and was gone before either could reply to her last angry words. They heard her descend the stairs and pass out at the front door, and then they looked at one another in consternation and perplexity.

"What does she mean?" Doris asked. "She is just in the mood to do you or herself a mischief, Jasper, if you go near her; she thinks you have been here all night."

"And I don't know how to prove to her that I wasn't. A man can't go talking to club servants about such things, and they were the only people who saw me. She won't do herself any mischief unless she is gone inevitably mad."

"I think she was mad when she stood there raving at us. Jasper, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

For he had suddenly started to his feet, with a face as white as the tablecloth, and eyes dull with a sudden horror.

"No, I am not ill, Doris. Don't stop me, my darling, I must go; I know what she meant now. Aye, she will have a revenge that will last to all eternity, if I do not stop her."

He broke away from her detaining hands, and rushed out of the house before she could find words to speak.

"Are they both mad?" she asked herself, as she listened to his hurried footsteps; and then she rang for some fresh coffee, and finished her breakfast, and scolded poor Mrs. Bellew, till the poor old lady cried for having allowed Muriel to think for a moment that Jasper had been there all night.

"My dear, I know nothing about it," her aunt replied. "I had no idea where he went, or that he had come back. You should not make me an accomplice in your indiscretions, Doris; it is hard on me, my dear, to hear such things as Muriel said to me just now."

"Muriel is mad, I really believe," retorted Doris; "and her husband too. I shall go to bed and rest, auntie, I am tired. Order them to say 'Not at home' to every one, please, till I ring."

She went to bed and to sleep, as peacefully as though she had not the guilt of the ruin of a once happy home—nay, who knows what guilt besides?—on her hardened soul. She could sleep as she could weep or smile—almost at will; and to this faculty she owed her unchanging bloom, and her healthy appearance and vigorous physique.

Jasper Onslow hurried home, the white, set look never leaving his face, and inquired for his wife.

She had not been home, the porter told him, and he went in and changed his dress, his brain in such a whirl of perplexity and terror as he had never felt before.

Where was she? What was she going to do? What form would her revenge take? were questions which kept presenting themselves to his mind over and over again, till he was nearly mad.

He went out and wandered aimlessly about, dropping in at the houses of one or two of his acquaintances, but no one had seen anything of Muriel.

She had walked rapidly away from Doris Carlyon's house, never stopping till she found herself amidst the bustle of Oxford-street. Then she called a cab and was driven straight to the lodging of Mr. Anthony Colliver, in Great Coram-street. She knew where he lived, for she had once idly asked Ernest Dormer where their *bete noire* had taken up his quarters, and he had told her the street and the number, asking her snidily if she meant to visit the old man, and cajole him out of his search. She was going to 71 A, Great Coram-street, now, but with a very different object.

"Mr. Colliver is at home," the landlady said, when she answered the door, "but he has been very ill, and I am not sure whether he can see you; but if you will please to wait a moment I will go up and see."

She was very deferential to Muriel's gray velvet dress and Paris bonnet, and dusted a chair for her in the front room, with much officiousness.

"The parlor's being cleaned out, ma'am, will you please sit down here?" she said. "What name shall I say?"

Muriel drew out her card case.

"Mr. Colliver knows my husband, but I think he has only seen me once or twice. However, my business is very important, and he will be glad to hear what I have to say."

There was a stiff, hard tone in what she said, as though she were repeating a lesson, and the woman wondered as she took the message up.

Anthony Colliver was very weak. He had only been out of doors once or twice, but he brightened up at the sight of the card laid before him.

"See Mrs. Onslow? Of course I will!" he said, eagerly. "Straighten the room a little, please, and bring her up."

The landlady banged about, pulling a curtain here, and a tablecloth there, and stuffing every thing she could lay hands on into a cupboard, the door of which she fastened by thrusting a chair against it. Then

she pronounced the room a "picture," and went down for the visitor.

It was hard to tell which face was the whiter when Jasper Onslow's wife and Jabez Colliver's brother stood face to face. Muriel's face was white and set, and the flush of excitement had faded from the other, leaving it wan and pale. After a few commonplace words of greeting, Muriel began to speak of the business which brought her there.

"Mr. Dormer tells me you have a clue to the discovery of your brother's fate, Mr. Colliver."

"I have."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I think not; the clue I hold will lead me straight to him, or I never was more deceived in my life."

"Then you think he is alive?"

"No, I do not; I am almost sure he is dead.

"Dead or alive, there is only one person in the world that has the power, and the will too, to put you on the right track."

"And that person is yourself?"

"It is."

"I thought as much. Will you tell me what there is to be told, quickly, please? I am weak yet, I feel."

"I can tell you nothing. I can only put the right clue into your hands."

"What is it?"

"This."

She took a little box from her pocket and laid a sparkling ring on the table. It was an antique one, formed of a heart-shaped cluster of diamonds, set in a peculiar filligree work of gold. It almost covered the joint of the finger it was worn on, and was in all respects a curious and valuable trinket.

"That was your brother's ring," she said. "I have seen it on his finger a hundred times."

"It was our father's," said the old man, looking at it with a strange, softened look. "See, here is his name—the same as mine, Anthony Colliver, and a date—ah, how many years ago. When, and how did you get this?"

"That is my story," she said, in a hard, cold tone. "That is what I have come here to tell—to show you where you can find your brother. Are we alone? Have the walls in this house ears? Make sure before I begin to tell you the fatal truth."

He looked at her somewhat dubiously thinking her words rather wild, and she caught the look.

"Oh, I am not mad," she said; "I am in my sober senses—neither mad nor drunk—only a wronged, forsaken, insulted woman, come to you to help me to revenge."

She drew her chair close to him, and speaking low, that no one might hear, told her tale into his astonished ears.

"I thought it," he said, when she had finished. "I said it from the first, when they laughed at me for searching in England. Justice must be done, madame; do you hear me—justice!"

"If I can aid you to justice, command me," she said fiercely. "Take me to the nearest police-office, Mr. Colliver, and I will tell the shameful story to every officer there. Get a warrant and search the Manor, and then let the law take its course."

"And you will stand by and see it?"

"I would do anything for revenge."

"You are determined?"

"I am. If you will not go with me I will go alone. It shall be secret no longer."

And Anthony Colliver, feeling as though he were in a dream, sent for a cab and was driven with Muriel Onslow to Bow-street.

(To be continued in our next.)

OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

It is not a little curious to trace the origin and result of some alienations which really embitter the domestic peace of families. Mr. and Mrs. Graham had a most delightful courtship—they always thought alike upon every subject. But during their honeymoon they encountered a squall. It began thus—

"My dear," said Mrs. Graham, "how plentifully your father ate last night of the oyster patties."

"You are mistaken, my dear; he only tasted of them. It was the lobster salad to which you allude."

"Now you had better make out that I don't know what I see."

"And don't you make out that I don't know what I help people to."

"But what I saw I saw, Mr. Graham, and I don't give it up."

"And what I know I know, Mrs. Graham, and I don't give it up."

"Well, I don't care; only I do like to see people adhere to the truth."

"Do you mean to insinuate, ma'am, that I don't speak the truth?"

"Yes, I do; if you say your father did not eat of our oyster patties last night."

"I won't talk with you. You are one of the most unaccountable beings I ever knew." And Mr. Graham took his seat in another room, and began reading.

Mrs. Graham went to her chamber. The clock struck seven, eight, nine. The newly-married pair felt uneasy: they were lonely. The newspaper had been rattled over till it was flimsy as a rag, and young Mrs. Graham grew tired of pouting alone.

At this late hour a mutual friend rang at the front door. Both the parties knew the cheerful voice, as, on entering the drawing-room door, he exclaimed:

"Now this is what I call comfortable. But where's your wife, Graham?" inquired the visitor, as he looked wistfully around.

"Anna," said a melodious voice at the foot of the stairs, "our friend Mr. Wilson is here."

Very soon a nimble pair of little feet came trotting down the stairs, and a face all beaming with smiles external, exclaiming, "How delighted I am to see you! My husband and I are quite dull—we have said all the sweet things, and were just trying to get up a bitter pill as a contrast."

The other half of Mrs. Graham laughed outright, and it was all over. The visitor had a delightful evening, fully satisfied that there was no parallel to be found to domestic comforts.

A week or two after this little tiff, the party were expatiating upon the folly of being easily provoked by trifles, and both pledged themselves never again to indulge in any evil feeling toward each other, signing, sealing, and pledging themselves, after much billing and cooing, with a mutual kiss.

"But," said Mrs. Graham, "it was so provoking in you to get so indignant, because I merely remarked that your father ate those oyster patties."

"But they were not oysters, I tell you; it was the lobster salad."

"Why *will* you have it so, Mr. Graham?"

"Because I like the truth, ma'am, and I want you to adhere to it."

Mrs. Graham began to sigh, and then cry, and say, "If she had known"—whereupon her husband gently put his hand over her mouth, saying, "Done; it's of no consequence." And but for this, who knows where the first quarrel would have ended?

It appears that Graham had just been reading the anecdote recorded in a late magazine, where a quarrel between a newly-married pair was served up, all arising from the wife's declaration that she had just seen a *mouse* run along, while the husband strenuously maintained it was a *rat*. Thus he was effectually cured of hastily contradicting his wife, and she was ashamed of being so easily excited as to destroy her own happiness. It is computed that full half of our domestic troubles originate from such insignificant trifles; and happy are that couple who are sensible enough to remember in the very outset "*it is of no consequence.*"

SALUTATIONS.

Modes of salutation in different countries have very different characteristics, and it may not be uninteresting to examine their shades.

Most of our gestures of salutation and civility owe their origin to the warfare of the days of chivalry, indicating deference as from one conquered to the conqueror. For example:—

The head uncovered, was simply the head unarmed; the helmet being removed, the party was at his mercy.

The hand ungloved was in like manner the hand ungauntleted; shaking hands was a token of truce, in which the parties took hold of each other's weapon hand, to make sure against treachery.

A gentleman's bow is but the offer of the neck to the stroke of his adversary; and the lady's curtesy is but the form of going on her knees for mercy.

Kissing the lips, by way of affectionate salutation, was not only permitted, but customary among near relations of both sexes, in patriarchal and also in later times.

The theory of firing a salute is, that it leaves the guns harmless, and at the mercy of the other party; and this is so true, that firing salutes with blank cartridge is a modern innovation; occasioned, however, by the fact of a complimentary cannon-ball proving fatal once to the personage whom it meant to honor.

When an officer salutes, he points his drawn sword to the ground, and the salute of troops is still designated "presenting arms,"—that is, presenting them to be taken.

Indeed, it is highly probable that saying and writing "your servant," and taking off the hat, were originally demonstrations of obedience to those who claimed it.

The different forms of civility, connected with bodily gestures, are even more remarkable than the words: mutual contact, such as the pressure of hands, embraces and kisses, being always regarded as the expression of kindly intercourse; although the words may, to a certain extent, be considered as an index of national character.

We have collated a few examples, and for the sake of perspicuity, have arranged them in alphabetical order.

Arabs are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet, they embrace, kiss each other's cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as:—"God grant thee His favors."—"If God will it, thy family enjoy good health."—"Peace be with you," etc.

Bengalese call themselves the "most humble slaves" of those they desire to salute.

Bohemians kiss the garments of the persons whom they wish to honor.

Burmese apply their noses and cheeks to a person's face, and then exclaim:—"Give me a smell;" attributable to their great use of perfumes.

Ceylonese, meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual.

Chinese are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire—"Have you eaten your rice?"—"Is your stomach in order?"—and, "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

Egyptians kiss the back of a superior's hand, and, as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking:—"How goes the perspiration?"—"Is it well with thee?" and, "God preserve thee."

English. An old salutation in polite society was: "Save you, sir;" an evident abbreviation of "God save you, sir!"

French. *Comment vous portez vous?* which literally means "How do you carry yourself?"

Germans. In some parts of their country they invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

Greeks. The salutation among the ancients was "Rejoice!" Among the moderns, "What doest thou?"

Hollanders, with their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, "Have you had a good dinner?"

Italians, on meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "How does she stand?"

Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!"

Laplanders, when they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together. We know not why.

Mahomedans. "Peace be with you;" to which the reply is, "On you be peace;" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God."

Manillas bend their bodies; place their hands upon their cheeks; raise one leg, and bend the knee.

Moors of Morocco ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

New Guinea people place on their heads the leaves of trees, as emblems of peace and friendship.

Pelew Islanders seize the foot of the person they desire to salute, and rub their faces with it.

Persians salute by inclining the neck over each other's necks; and then inclining cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting—"Is thy exalted high condition good?" and, "May thy shadow never be less."

Poles bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?"

Romans, in ancient times, exclaimed, "Be healthy," or, "Be strong," when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them.

Russian ladies permit not only their hands, but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?"—"Be well."

Siamese prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether he has been eating anything offensive; if so, he is kicked out; if not, he is picked up.

Swedes are by no means demonstrative in their courtesies; on meeting, they simply inquire, "How can you?"

Turks cross their hands, place them on their breasts and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God"—"Forget me not in thy prayers"—"Thy visits are as rare as fine days"—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country.

EAST LYNNE;

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLVI.

UNTIL ETERNITY.

Barbara was at the sea-side; and Lady Isabel was in her bed, dying. You remember the old French saying, "L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose." An exemplification of it was here.

She, Lady Isabel, had consented to remain at East Lynne during Mrs. Carlyle's absence, on purpose that she might be with her children. But the object was frustrated; for Lucy and Archibald had been removed to Miss Carlyle's. It was Mr. Carlyle's arrangement. He thought the governess ought to have entire respite from all charge; and that poor governess dared not say, "Let them stay with me." Lady Isabel had also purposed to be safely away from East Lynne before the time came for her to die; but that time had advanced with giant strides, and the period for removal was past. She was going out as her mother had done, rapidly, unexpectedly, "like the snuff of a candle." Wilson was in attendance on her mistress; Joyce remained at home.

Barbara had chosen a watering-place near, not thirty miles off, so that Mr. Carlyle went there most evenings, returning to his office in the mornings. Thus he saw little of East Lynne, paying it one or two flying visits only. From the Saturday to the Wednesday in the second week, he did not come home at all; and it was in those days that Lady Isabel had changed for the worse. On the Wednesday he was expected home, to dinner and to sleep.

Joyce was in a state of frenzy—or next door to it. Lady Isabel was dying, and what would become of the ominous secret? A conviction, born of her fears, was on the girl's mind that, with death, the whole must become known; and who was to foresee what blame might not be cast upon her, by her master and mistress, for not having disclosed it? She might be accused of having been an abettor in the plot from the first! Fifty times it was in Joyce's mind to send for Miss Carlyle, and tell her all.

The afternoon was fast waning, and the spirit of Lady Isabel seemed to be waning with it. Joyce was in the room, in attendance upon her. She had been in a fainting state all day, but felt better now. She was partially raised in bed by pillows, a white Cashmere shawl over her shoulders, her nightcap off, to allow as much air as possible to come to her, and the windows stood open.

Footsteps sounded on the gravel, in the quiet stillness of the summer air. They penetrated even to her ear, for all her faculties were keen yet. Beloved footsteps: and a tinge of hectic rose to her cheeks. Joyce, who stood at the window, glanced out. It was Mr. Carlyle.

"Joyce!" came forth a cry from the bed, sharp and eager.

Joyce turned round. "My lady?"

"I should die happier if I might see him."

"See him!" uttered Joyce, doubting her own ears. "My lady! See *him*! Mr. Carlyle?"

"What can it signify? I am already as one dead. Should I ask it, or wish it, think you, in rude life? The yearning has been upon me for days, Joyce; it is keeping death away."

"It could not be, my lady," was the decisive answer. "It must not be. It is as a thing impossible."

Lady Isabel burst into tears. "I can't die for the trouble," she wailed. "You keep my children from me. They must not come, you say, lest I should betray myself. Now, you would keep my husband. Joyce, Joyce, let me see him!"

Her husband! Poor thing! Joyce was in a maze of distress, though not the less firm. Her eyes were wet with tears; but she believed she should be infringing her allegiance to her mistress, did she bring Mr. Carlyle to the presence of his former wife; altogether it might be productive of nothing but confusion.

A knock at the chamber door. Joyce called out, "Come in." The two maids, Hannah and Sarah, were alone in the habit of coming to the room, and neither of them had known Madame Vine as Lady Isabel. Sarah put in her head.

"Master wants you, Joyce."

"I'll come."

"He's in the dining-room. I have just taken down Master Arthur to him."

Mr. Carlyle had got "Master Arthur" on his shoulder when Joyce entered. Master Arthur was decidedly given to noise and rebellion, and was already, as Wilson expressed it, "sturdy upon his pins."

"How is Madame Vine, Joyce?"

Joyce scarcely knew how to answer. But she did not dare to equivocate as to her precarious state. And, where the use, when a few hours would probably see the end of it?

"She is very ill indeed, sir."

"Worse?"

"Sir, I fear she is dying."

Mr. Carlyle, in his consternation, put down Arthur. "Dying!"

"I hardly think she will last till morning, sir!"

"Why, what has killed her?" he uttered, in amazement.

Joyce did not answer. She looked pale and confused.

"Have you had Dr. Martin?"

"Oh, no, sir. It would be of no use."

"No use!" repeated Mr. Carlyle, in a sharp accent. "Is that the way to treat dying people? Assume it is of no use to send for advice, and so quietly let them die! If Madame Vine is as ill as you say, a telegraphic message must be sent off at once. I had better see her," he cried, moving to the door.

Joyce, in her perplexity, dared to place her back against it, preventing his egress. "Oh, master!—I beg your pardon, but—but it would not be right. Please, sir, do not think of going into her room!"

Mr. Carlyle thought Joyce was taken with a fit of prudery. "Why can't I go in?" he asked.

"Mrs. Carlyle would not like it, sir," stammered Joyce, her cheeks scarlet now.

Mr. Carlyle stared at her. "Some of you take up odd ideas," he cried. "In Mrs. Carlyle's absence, it is necessary that some one should see her! Let a lady die in my house, and never see after her! You are out of your senses, Joyce. I shall go in after dinner; so prepare Madame Vine."

Scarcely had Mr. Carlyle begun his dinner, when his sister entered. Some grievance had arisen between her and the tenants of certain houses of hers, and she was bringing the dispute to him. Before he would hear it, he begged her to go up to Madame Vine, telling her what Joyce had said of her state.

"Dying!" ejaculated Miss Corny, in disbelieving derision. "That Joyce has been more like a simpleton lately, than like herself. I can't think what has come to the woman."

She took off her bonnet and mantle, and laid them on a chair, gave a twitch or two to her cap, as she surveyed it in the pier-glass, and went upstairs. Joyce answered her knock at the invalid's door; and Joyce, when she saw who it was, turned as white as any sheet.

"Oh, ma'am! you must not come in!" she blundered out, in her confusion and fear, as she put herself right in the doorway.

"Who is to keep me out?" demanded Miss Carlyle, after a pause of surprise, her tone one of quiet power. "Move away, girl. Joyce, I think your brain must be softening. What will you try at next?"

Joyce was powerless, both in right and strength, and she knew it. She knew there was no help—that Miss Carlyle would, and must enter; she stood aside, shivering, and passed out of the room as soon as Miss Carlyle was within it.

Ah! there could no longer be concealment now! There she was, her pale face lying against the pillow, free from its disguising trappings. The hand of grey velvet, the spectacles, the wraps for the throat and chin, the huge cap, all were gone. It was the face of Lady Isabel; changed, certainly, very, very much; but still hers. The silvered hair fell on either side her face, like the silky curls had once fallen; the sweet, sad eyes were the eyes of yore.

"Mercy be good to us!" uttered Miss Carlyle.

They remained gazing at each other, both panting with emotion; yes, even Miss Carlyle. Though a wild suspicion had once crossed her brain that Madame Vine might be Lady Isabel, it had died away again, from the sheer improbability of the thing, as much as from the convincing proofs offered by Lord Mount Severn. Not but what Miss Carlyle had borne in mind the suspicion, and had been fond of tracing the likeness in Madame Vine's face.

"How could you dare come back here?" she abruptly asked, her tone one of sad, soft wailing; not of reproach.

Lady Isabel humbly crossed her attenuated hands upon her chest. "My children!" she whispered. "How could I stay away from them? Have pity, Miss Carlyle! Don't reproach me! I am on my way to God, to answer for all my sins and sorrows."

"I do not reproach you," said Miss Carlyle.

"I am so glad to go," she continued to murmur, her eyes full of tears. "Jesus did not come, you know, to save the good, like you; he came for the sake of us poor sinners. I tried to take up my cross, as he bade us, and bear it bravely for his sake; but its weight has killed me."

The good, like you! Humbly, meekly, deferentially was it expressed, in all good faith and trust, as though Miss Corny were a sort of upper angel. Somehow the words grated on Miss Corny's ear; grated fiercely on her conscience. It came into her mind, then, as she stood there, that the harsh religion she had through life professed, was not the religion that would best bring peace to her dying bed.

"Child," said she, drawing near to and leaning over Lady Isabel, "Had I anything to do with sending you from East Lynne?"

Lady Isabel shook her head and cast down her gaze, as she whispered, "You did not send me; you did not help to send me. I was not very happy with you, but that was not the cause of—of my going away. Forgive me, Miss Carlyle, forgive me!"

"Thank God!" inwardly breathed Miss Corny. "Forgive *me*," she said, aloud, and in agitation, touching her hand. "I could have made your home happier, and I wish I had done it. I have wished it ever since you left it."

Lady Isabel drew the hand in hers. "I want to see Archibald," she whispered, going back, in thought, to the old time and the old name. "I have prayed Joyce to bring him to me, and she will not. Only for a minute! just to hear him say he forgives me! What can it matter, now that I am as one lost to this world? I should die easier."

Upon what impulse, or grounds, Miss Carlyle saw fit to accede to the request, cannot be told. Possibly she did not choose to refuse a death-bed prayer; possibly she reasoned, as did Lady Isabel—what could it matter? She went to the door. Joyce was in the corridor, leaning against the wall, her apron up to her eyes. Miss Corny beckoned to her.

"How long have you known of this?"

"Since that night in the spring, when there was an alarm of fire. I saw her then, with nothing on her face, and knew her; though, at the first moment, I thought it was her ghost. Ma'am, I have just gone about since like a ghost myself, from the fear."

"Go and request your master to come up to me."

"Oh, ma'am! Will it be well to tell him?" remonstrated Joyce. "Will that he should see her?"

"Go and request your master to come to me," unequivocally repeated Miss Carlyle. "Are you mistress, Joyce, or am I?"

Joyce went down, and brought Mr. Carlyle up from the dinner-table.

"Is Madame Vine worse, Cornelia?—Will she see me?"

"She wishes to see you."

Miss Carlyle opened the door as she spoke. He motioned to her to pass in first. "No," she said, "you had better see her alone."

He was going in, when Joyce caught his arm. "Master! master! you ought to be prepared. Ma'am, won't you tell him?"

He looked at them, thinking they must be moonstruck, for their conduct seemed inexplicable. Both were in evident agitation; an emotion Miss Carlyle was not given to. Her face and lips were twitching, but she kept a studied silence. Mr. Carlyle knitted his brow and went into the chamber. They shut him in.

He walked gently at once to the bed, in his straightforward manner.

"I am grieved, Madame Vine——"

The words faltered on his tongue. He was a man as little given to show emotion as man can well be. Did he think, as Joyce had once done, that it was a ghost he saw? Certain it is, that his face and lips turned the hue of death, and he backed a few steps from the bed. The falling hair, the sweet, mournful eyes, the hectic which his presence brought to her cheeks, told too plainly of the Lady Isabel.

"Archibald!"

She put out her trembling hand. She caught him ere he had drawn quite beyond her reach. He looked at her, he looked round the room, as does one awaking from a dream.

"I could not die without your forgiveness," she murmured, her eyes falling before him as she thought of her past sin. "Do you turn from me? Bear with me a little minute! Only say you forgive me, and I shall die in peace!"

"Isabel!" he spoke, not knowing in the least what he said. "Are you—are you—were you Madame Vine?"

"Oh, forgive—forgive me! I did not die. I got well from the accident, but it changed me dreadfully. Nobody knew me, and I came here as Madame Vine. I could not stay away. Archibald, forgive me!"

His mind was in a whirl, his ideas had gone wool-gathering. The first clear thought that came thumping through his brain was, that he must be a man of two wives. She noticed his perplexed silence.

"I could not stay away from you and from my children. The longing for you was killing me," she reiterated, wildly, like one talking in a fever. "I never knew a moment's peace after the mad act I was guilty of, in quitting you. Not an hour had I departed, when my repentance set in; and, even then, I would have retraced and come back, but I did not know how. See what it has done for me!" tossing up her grey hair, holding out her attenuated wrists. "Oh, forgive—forgive me! My sin was great, but my punishment was greater. It has been as one long scene of mortal agony."

"Why did you go?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"Did you not know?"

"No. It has always been a mystery to me."

"I went out of love for you."

A shade of disdain crossed his lips. She was equivocating to him on her death-bed!

"Do not look in that way," she panted. "My strength is nearly gone; you must perceive that it is; and I do not, perhaps, express myself clearly. I loved you dearly, and I grew suspicious of you. I thought you were false and deceitful to me; that your love was all given to another; and, in my sore jealousy, I listened to the temptings of that bad man, who whispered to me of revenge. It was not so, was it?"

Mr. Carlyle had regained his calmness, outwardly, at any rate. He stood by the side of the bed, looking down upon her, his arms crossed upon his chest, and his noble form raised to its full height.

"Was it so?" she feverishly repeated.

"Can you ask it?—knowing me as you did then; as you must have known me since. I never was false to you in thought, in word, or in deed."

"Oh, Archibald, I was mad—I was mad! I could not have done it in anything but madness. Surely, you will forget and forgive!"

"I cannot forget. I have already forgiven."

"Try and forget the dreadful time that has passed since that night!" she continued, the tears falling on her cheeks, as she held up to him one of her poor, hot hands. "Let your thoughts go back to the days when you first knew me; when I was here, Isabel Vane, a happy girl with my father. At times I have lost myself in a moment's happiness in thinking of it. Do you remember how you grew to love me, though you thought you might not tell it me?—and how gentle you were with me when papa died?—and the hundred pound note? Do you remember coming to Castle Marling?—and my promise to be your wife?—and the first kiss you left upon my lips? And, oh, Archibald! do you remember the loving days after I was your wife?—how happy we were with each other? Do you remember, when Lucy was born, we thought I should have died; and your joy, your thankfulness, that God had restored me? Do you remember all this?"

Aye; he did remember it. He took the poor hand into his, and unconsciously played with its wasted fingers.

"Have you any reproach to cast to me?" he gently said, bending his head a little.

"Reproach to you! To you, who must be almost without reproach in the sight of Heaven! You, who were ever loving to me—ever anxious for my welfare! When I think of what you were, and are, and how I requited you, I could sink into the earth with remorse and shame. My own sin I have surely expiated; I cannot expiate the shame I entailed upon you, and upon our children."

Never. He felt it as keenly now as he had felt it then.

"Think what it has been for me!" she resumed, and he was obliged to bend his ear to catch her gradually-weakening tones. "To live in this house with your wife—to see your love for her—to watch the envied caresses that once were mine! I never loved you so passionately as I have done since I lost you. Think what it was to watch William's decaying strength; to be alone with him in his dying hour, and not be able to say he is my child as well as yours! When he lay dead, and the news went forth to the household, it was *her* petty grief you soothed, not mine, his mother's. God alone knows how I have lived through it all; it has been to me as the bitterness of death."

"Why did you come back?" was the response of Mr. Carlyle.

"I have told you. I could not live, wanting you and my children."

"It was wrong—wrong in all ways."

"Wickedly wrong. You cannot think worse of it than I have done. But the consequences and the punishment would be mine alone, so long as I guarded against discovery. I never thought to stop here to die; but death seems to have come on to me with a leap, like it came to my mother."

A pause of labored breathing. Mr. Carlyle did not interrupt it.

"All wrong, all wrong," she resumed; "this interview with you, among the rest. And yet, I hardly know; it cannot hurt the new ties you have formed, for I am as one dead now to this world, hovering on the brink of the next. But you were my husband, Archibald; and, the last few days, I have longed for your forgiveness with a fevered longing. Oh! that the past could be blotted out! that I could wake up and find it but a hideous dream; that I were here as in old days, in health and happiness, your ever-loving wife! Do you wish it?—that the dark past had never had place?"

She put the question in a sharp, eager tone, gazing up to him with an anxious gaze, as though the answer must be one of life or death.

"For your sake I wish it."

Calm enough were the words spoken; and her eyes fell again, and a deep sigh came forth.

"I am going to William; but Lucy and Archibald will be left. Oh, do you be ever kind to them! I pray you, visit not their mother's sin upon their heads! Do not in your love for your later children, lose your love for them!"

"Have you seen anything in my conduct that could give rise to fears of this?" he returned, reproach mingled in his sad tone. "The children are dear to me as you once were."

"As I once was. Aye, and as I might have been now."

"Indeed you might," he answered, with emotion. "The fault was not mine."

"Archibald, I am on the very threshold of the next world. Will you not bless me—will you not say a word of love to me before I pass it? Let what I am, I say, be blotted for the moment from your memory; think of me, if you can, as the innocent, timid child, whom you made your wife. Only a word of love! my heart is breaking for it."

He leaned over her; he pushed aside the hair from her brow with his gentle hand—his tears dropping on her face.

"You nearly broke mine when you left me, Isabel," he whispered. "May God bless you, and take you to His rest in Heaven! May He so deal with me, as I now fully and freely forgive you!"

What was he about to do? Lower and lower bent he his head, until his breath nearly mingled with hers. To kiss her? He best knew. But suddenly his face grew red with a scarlet flush, and he lifted it again. Did the form of one then in a felon's cell at Lynneborough thrust itself before him, or that of his absent and unconscious wife?

"To His rest in Heaven," she murmured, in the hollow tones of the departing. "Yes, yes, I know that God has forgiven me. Oh, what a struggle it has been! Nothing but bad feelings: rebellion, and sorrow, and repining; for a long while after I came back here; but Jesus prayed for me and helped me; and you know how merciful He is to the weary and heavy-laden. We shall meet again, Archibald, and live together forever and forever. But for that great hope, I could hardly die. William said mamma would be on the banks of the river, looking out for him; but it is William who is looking for me."

Mr. Carlyle released one of his hands; she had taken them both; and with his own white handkerchief wiped the death-dew from her forehead.

"It is no sin to anticipate it, Archibald; for there will be no marrying or giving in marriage in Heaven: Christ has said so; though we do not know how it will be. My sin will be remembered no more there, and we shall be together with our children forever and forever. Keep a little corner in your heart for your poor, lost Isabel."

"Yes, yes," he whispered.

"Are you leaving me?" she uttered, in a wild tone of pain.

"You are growing faint, I perceive. I must call assistance."

"Farewell, then; farewell, till eternity," she sighed, the tears raining from her eyes. "It is death, I think; not faintness. Oh! but it is hard to part! Farewell, farewell, my once dear husband!"

She raised her head from the pillow, excitement giving her strength; she clung to his arm; she lifted her face, in its sad yearning. Mr. Carlyle laid her tenderly down again, and suffered his wet cheek to rest upon hers.

"Until eternity," he whispered.

She followed him with her eyes, as he retreated, and watched him from the room; then turned her face to the wall.

"It is over. Only God now."

Mr. Carlyle took an instant's counsel with himself, stopping at the head of the stairs to do it. Joyce, in obedience to a sign from him, had already gone into the sick-chamber: his sister was standing at its door.

"Cornelia."

She followed him down into the dining-room.

"You will remain here to-night? With *her*."

"Do you suppose I shouldn't?" crossly responded Miss Corny. "Where are you off to now?"

"To the telegraph office, at present, to send for Lord Mount Severn."

"What good can he do?"

"None; but I shall send for him."

"Can't one of the servants go just as well as you? You have not finished your dinner—hardly begun it."

He turned his eyes on the dinner-table in a mechanical sort of way, his mind wholly pre-occupied, made some remark in answer which Miss Corny did not catch, and went out.

On his return, his sister met him in the hall, drew him inside the nearest room, and closed the door. Lady Isabel was dead! Had been dead about ten minutes.

"She never spoke after you left her, Archibald. There was a slight struggle at the last, a fighting for breath, otherwise she went off quite peacefully. I felt sure, when I first saw her this afternoon, that she could not last till midnight."

(To be continued in our next.)

LYNCH LAW.

In the infancy of nations, as in all newly constituted communities, the reign of law is anything but absolute. It only becomes sovereign when the foundations of society have been carefully laid, and time has cemented the superstructure. When the action of the law is feeble or suspected, a wild species of justice supersedes it, and executes an informal, but not necessarily an unrighteous, judgment.

This irregular mode of procedure, generally known as Lynch Law, is by no means peculiar to America. Many nations have practiced it in spirit, if not in form.

In Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when every petty prince, noble, and prelate claimed the power of life and death over their vassals and dependants; when merchants were plundered and taxed at the caprice of the nobles whose territories they passed through, a singular species of Lynch Law became established throughout a considerable portion of the country, particularly in Swabia, Thuringia, and Baden. It was administered by secret judges, who were bound by no written code, had no fixed places for holding their courts, but assembled in the depths of some lone forest, ruined church, or castle of one of their chiefs. They made no prisoners, and pronounced but one sentence—death.

This mysterious association was known as the Holy Vehm, or Vehm Gericht. No person, however exalted or humble his rank, could withdraw himself from its jurisdiction. It judged and executed in secret. Did our space permit, we could cite the names of royal personages condemned and put to death by its secret agents.

The Holy Vehm has long since disappeared before the progress of law and civilization, but several interesting monuments of its former power are still to be met with in Germany.

In France, during the earlier stages of the monarchy, when the great vassals of the crown were frequently more powerful than their suzerain, and entered into cabals and even foreign alliances against him, the King appointed some great personage or faithful adherents to hold what was termed the Grand Assize, during which the laws became suspended. He could judge, condemn, and execute without any form of trial; nor could his actions ever be called to account. This was but another form of Lynch Law.

In Scotland they had, during the wild wars with England, on the borders, what was termed Jedburgh Law. The accused was first hanged, and then a jury were summoned to pronounce upon his innocence or guilt.

IT is a pity that those who taught us to talk, did not also teach us when to hold our tongue.

AS CHARITY covers, so modesty prevents, a multitude of sins.

FACETIÆ

DRAWING MATERIALS—Corkscrews.

MEN OF THE TIME—Chronometer-makers.

WHEN is a girl not a girl? When she is a baby.

A BLACK CASE OF INTEMPERANCE—A drunken sweep.

A BAD PRE-EMINENCE.—What is there beats a good wife? A bad husband.

NOTHING, it is said, contributes so much to the "music of the future" as matrimony.

A MOTHER advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted when the damsel replied: "Oh, no, ma; it spoils the gentlemen's vests."

VERY PROBABLE.—Young Friendless asserts that he always finds himself more at sea when on shore than when he is on board his ship.

A LADY teacher in a public school was amazed, the other day, by seeing a perfect forest of juvenile hands fly up in the air, and shake and gesticulate with violent agitation. "What do you want?" queried the puzzled instructor. Chorus: "Yer hair's fallin' off."

BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE.—Cross-examining a witness, a New York attorney asked: "Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vinous excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to a delineation of truth?"

A GENTLEMAN was once arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he stopped.

"I tell you what, ma'am," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction."

"Not open to conviction, sir!" was the indignant reply. "I scorn the imputation, sir; I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the man that can convince me."

ANTICIPATIONS OF REVENUE.—In Scotland it is customary, when a death occurs in a family, to send the neighbors an invitation to attend the funeral. A "guid and wife" was passed over in one of these dispensations, and, with a heart full of indignant grief, she watched the funeral gathering round her neighbor's door. It was finally too much for her, and she exclaimed, in a tone of forced resignation: "Aweel, aweel, we'll hae a corpse o' our ain in our house some day! See then, wha'll be invited!"

A SHREWD JUVENILE.—The sharp little children, varying in age from four to ten years, are certainly on the increase.

Every neighborhood has its prodigy, but the following smart thing, done by Freddy Warner, is the best business in their line that we have seen lately:

Freddy Warner is a child of some five summers' growth, and his mother, like all good mothers, never lets slip an opportunity to impress upon her offspring's mind some good practical or moral lesson.

She had given little Freddy a fine apple, and said to him:

"Now, Freddy, you must give half of the apple to your brother Georgy, and when you divide anything with another person, you must always be sure to give the other person the larger half."

"Yes, mamma," replied the little philosopher, looking sharply at the big apple in his hand, then suddenly looking up into his mother's face, he added: "Dear mamma, you take the apple and give it to brother Georgy, and let him divide it with me!"

MATRIMONY ILLUSTRATED.—Husband Traveling.—Scene 1.—Room in hotel. Spittoons full of cigar stumps. Bourbon whiskey. All hands engaged for a night's spree. Husband, in a hurry to be off, writing home:

"DEAREST SARAH: My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. Oh, darling! how I miss you! and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and children. Take good care of yourself, my dear. Feed the baby on cow's milk. Excuse haste, etc."

Wife at Home.—Scene 2.—Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass widows; Fred, from around the corner, with his violin; Jim, from across the way, with his banjo; Jack, from above, with his guitar; Sam, from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows, with their instruments. Dancing and singing; sideboard covered with nuts, fruits, cake, cream, wine, whiskey, etc. Wife, in a hurry to dance, writing to husband:

"DEAR HUBBY: How lonesome I feel in your absence! The hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home again, and your cheerful countenance light up the routine of every-day life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing that your small income will not admit of frivolous expense. But now, dear, I will say good-bye, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, etc."

A DUMB DIALOGUE.—It wrenches one badly to step on the wrong stair, but few can help laughing at the awful stride he makes. It is equally funny to see a man meet the wrong "customer," and go to talking and gesticulating at him as if he was somebody else.

Jones went out to the deaf and dumb asylum the other day to inspect the institution. Upon entering he encountered a man, evidently an inmate, and he at once endeavored to explain to the man by making signs upon his fingers that he wanted to look through the place. The man also made signs which Jones could not comprehend. Then Jones made other and more elaborate motions, which set the man at work with great violence, and for the next ten minutes they stood in the hall gesticulating and twisting their fingers without being able to comprehend what the other meant. Finally Jones became angry, and in an outburst of wrath exclaimed—

"Oh! I get out you idiot! I'm tired of bothering with you!"

Whereupon the man said, "That's just what I was going to say about you."

"Oh! you can speak, can you? Then why didn't you do so, and not keep me standing motioning to you? I thought you were deaf and dumb."

"I came here to inspect the asylum," said Jones, "and I took you for a patient."

"That's what I came here for, and I thought you were an attendant," said the man.

Here Jones and the man shook hands, and hunted up a genuine attendant and went away happy. After this, Jones will always use his tongue, no matter where he is.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

BY J. P.

Life has a burden for every one's shoulder;
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.
Sorrow comes into our homes uninvited,
Robbing the heart of its treasure of song;
Lovers grow cold, and our friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along!

Midst the sweet blossoms that smile in our faces,
Grow the dank weeds that would poison and blight;
And e'en in the midst of earth's beautiful places
There's always a something that isn't just right!
Yet oft from a rock we may pluck a gay flower,
And drink from a spring in a desolate waste;
They come to the heart like a heavenly dower,
And naught is so sweet to the eye or the taste.

Every-day toil is no every-day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.
Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourned there was none to befriend;
Hope in the heart making the burden even lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end!

A FISHING EXCURSION.

BY WALTER JONES.

It used to be the custom of the farmers in Western Canada, after they had finished their spring's work, to have a sort of rest or holiday—to go shooting, fishing, or something of the kind. For aught I know, the same custom prevails there yet; for it is many years since I left the old homestead, and the scenes of my boyhood.

In the spring of 1841 or 1842, I told my father, that with his permission, after we had got our spring work done, I would get George Bowyer, a neighbor's son, and an intimate friend of mine, to go up the river on a fishing excursion. This stream takes its rise among the mountains, and passes through my father's farm.

It was my plan to start in the afternoon, go up some six or eight miles, bivouac out that night, start early the next morning, and fish down the river. Men had frequently done so, and had caught as many trout as they could well carry.

My father laughed at the idea of two boys going up among the dangerous mountains; for it was not an unfrequent occurrence that a bear or wolf was seen there in those days. He said, in answer to my request, that he had no objection to our going; for, when the time came for us to start, our courage would fail us. And I think myself, that it might have done so, after seeing my father's looks, if it had not been for fear of being taunted by the boys to whom we had already boasted of our plan.

When the time arrived, we pluckily started, therefore, taking a little basket of "rations." The day was very warm, not a cloud could be seen, and we expected a fine time fishing in the morning. We traveled up the bank of the river until about sunset. At that time we were some six miles from any dwelling or human habitation, far up among the mountains.

The stream was quite small where we stopped for the night; and in the middle of the stream there was a large rock some ten feet square, and some five or six feet above the water. On the top of the rock were some small bushes, and it was covered, besides, with moss. Upon this rock we resolved to take up our abode for the night, for we could easily jump from one stone to another from the bank to the rock in the centre of the stream. We took a little hatchet that we had with us, and cut some spruce-boughs, spreading them upon the rock, and making a capital bed for the night.

Soon darkness came on; and all was very still except the murmuring of the waters, and now and then the hooting of an owl in the distance.

We had agreed to take turns in sleeping, while the other kept watch in case of danger. It was my friend's turn to sleep first; and, being thoroughly weary from our long walk, he was soon in a pleasant slumber.

I sat meditating upon our situation, and involuntarily wishing myself snoozing upon a good feather-bed at home, instead of sitting upon a rock in the middle of the stream, when I was startled from my sleepy reverie by the distant sound of thunder. It soon came nearer and oftener; and I finally awoke my companion, telling him that our chances for keeping dry were small. In the course of half an hour it commenced raining in torrents; the wind blew a perfect hurricane; and there was a continual roar of thunder, that echoed among the mountains like a vast array of artillery in battle. The lightning was so sharp and rapid, that it kept us almost continually blinded.

We sat in this dilemma an hour or more, listening gloomily to the howling of the winds, when our attention was suddenly attracted to a danger that in our trouble we had not thought of. The wind lulling for a minute, we could plainly hear the roaring of the waters as they came plunging down the ravine above us, and in an instant we comprehended the terrors of our situation. We were shut off from the shore by the rise of the waters, and it was so dark, that we could not see an inch before us. After a while the roaring of the waters was plainly heard above the sound of the wind; and here was the first real danger we had seen. We knew that the rain that had fallen far up amongst the mountains had begun to flow into the river, and consequently it must rise very rapidly.

The hours seemed to us like weeks, for we were fearfully expecting momentarily to be washed from the rock, and carried by the foaming current far down the valley, past the homes we had left but a few hours before. We did more of thinking than talking, for we could hardly make each other hear above the sound of the roaring wind and water. Occasionally we would lie down upon the rock, and reach down its side to see if we could touch the water. At last we found that it had risen to within about a foot of our resting-place; and, oh, how we poor boys prayed for daylight to come! As it was, our situation was utterly hopeless in its chances for escape.

At last we could discern the grey dawn of morning; and, with the growing light, we could see the black, chilly water dash over the lowest edge of the rock, and it was still rising.

I looked at my friend's face; and a paler one I never saw, even on a corpse. I said to him that I thought our chances were slight for getting home that day.

His reply was: "I think the chances are good for getting to our eternal home; for to tell the truth, Walter, I think I have seen my parents for the last time."

As it grew light, we moodily watched the tall trees swaying in the wind on the bank; and suddenly one just above us drew my attention.

It was a large spruce, leaning out over the river, and the water was washing the earth away from its roots. The thought struck me that the wind and water might bring it down, and thus it might be the means of our deliverance.

And so it proved; for about sunrise there came a gust of wind that felled it into the stream just above us; and no sooner had it struck the water than the current brought it around against the rock, which was then some two or three inches under water.

I told George that this was our only chance. It was a hazardous undertaking to go ashore on the fallen tree, for the trunk was partly under water, and, as the waves tumbled along, they frequently splashed over it. However, we had no alternative but death.

I started first, and almost unconsciously gained the shore; then turned, and made signs for him to follow.

He was looking as white as a ghost; but, with a desperately firm step, he came upon the narrow bridge, and landed safely upon the bank. Then, if his natural color did not come to his face, his voice did to his lungs; for no sooner had he arrived on *terra firma* than he hurrahed madly for home and friends; and, although we were wet to our skins, we were as happy as ever we were from the day we were born.

After taking a last view of our late residence, the nearly submerged rock, we started for home, arriving there about ten o'clock, minus the load of trout we had boasted so much about, and finding our friends watching for us most anxiously; for well they knew the fierceness of the storm among the mountains.

That was our last fishing excursion.

HOW I BECAME MR. ASHBURTON'S FOURTH WIFE.

BY EMMA MOORE.

"I'll never marry a widower;" "nor a man without money;" "nor a poor minister;" "nor a homely man;" "nor a real old bachelor, if he is as rich as Crœsus;" "nor a man with red hair."

Such were the confused ejaculations of a merry band of school-girls, whom their teacher was vainly endeavoring to summon to their studies. At length her bell was heard amid the din of voices, all talking at once, and she laughingly exclaimed, "Young ladies, matrimony need not engross your thoughts for some time to come. You will please come and attend to your lessons. Doubtless, when the time comes, you will, like many others, act entirely contrary to your present feelings."

"As she has done, I remain single," I whispered to my companion; "but I am sure," I emphatically repeated, "that *I'll* never—no, never, as long as I live, marry a widower!"

At the time I made this remark, I was a laughing girl of sixteen, with jet black hair and eyes, and said to be full of life and animation.

Soon after, I left school, with a letter, signed by the matron, to the effect that I was now fully qualified to fill any sphere of usefulness to which I might be destined. Mamma had this duly framed and gilded, and I never doubted its truth. Neither did papa's friend, old Mr. Ashburton. From my earliest recollection he had been our neighbor and visitor, generally accompanied by a Mrs. Ashburton. The village bells had tolled some two months since for the third wife, and rumor asserted that he was already looking for some one to supply her place. All the widows of marriageable age, and all the spinsters of every age, were on the alert; and surely the little Ashburtons were never as much caressed as when they were motherless.

No one could assert that Mr. Ashburton was the picture of grief, as he wended his way up our avenue every week. His visits were universally conceded to my father; and no one was more delighted when they were over than myself. Although I inherited too much of my father's courtesy to treat any one rudely, a sight of his portly figure and sandy wig entering our parlor inspired me with a desire to leave it. What was my amazement, then, at being summoned into my father's library, one day, and having the following note placed in my hand:

"Ashburton Villa, Tuesday A.M.

"DEAR MISS EMMA:

"When Adam was made happy for life,
He was the husband of just one wife;
But my bliss has been of higher degree,
As I have already been blessed with three.
What could mortal man ask more,
Than to have you for number four?
We cannot tell how the die will be cast,
Perhaps, dear Emma, you will be the last.

"Respectfully yours,
"AARON ASHBURTON."

I burst into an irrepressible laugh, such as school-girls only indulge in, thinking the scroll nothing but a joke; and was much surprised on glancing at my papa, to see him looking as grave as a judge. He placed a note in my hand, in which the billet-doux to myself had been enclosed, saying that Mr. Ashburton was a man of good sense, and, like an honorable gentleman, had first requested his permission to address me. The note was as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—If agreeable to Miss Emma and yourself, I should like, as soon as your daughter can make it convenient, to enter once more into the matrimonial state. You know my ample means; and, if Miss Emma consents, I will, on our marriage day, endow her with one hundred thousand dollars. Hoping, when next I address you, to be able to sign myself your affectionate son-in-law, I am now,

"Yours faithfully,
"AARON ASHBURTON."

I could endure the scene no longer, and, eluding my father's grasp, and donning my hat, ran to tell my bosom friend, Lucy, of the bliss in store for me. We were quite merry over the poetical proposal, Lucy exclaiming: "Who knows, Emma, if you don't survive, but I myself will be number five."

That night, mamma, after tea, came into the council, and, dazzled by the bait held out, gave her influence in favor of Mr. Ashburton; and I, a thoughtless child, yielded to the entreaties of my parents.

It was not my father's method to neglect business, so I was despatched to my room to write my reply. I sat down to my writing-desk, chose my best paper and pen, when the idea of being anybody's fourth wife, and I only seventeen, struck me as being very absurd. I imagined how Mr. Ashburton must look divested of his wig; then pictured myself walking down the aisle of the village church, at the head of the six Ashburtons, three of them being older than myself.

"Not for twenty millions!" I cried, will I sign away my happiness."

And as I thought of Gerard, with his stalwart, young frame, his raven locks, and fine teeth, his kind heart, and fortune yet to make, I thought I would tell him of my dilemma.

I had just commenced, "My dear Gerard—Something so strange and ludicrous has happened. Come up to-morrow and I will tell you all,"—when papa tapped at the door, saying, pleasantly, "Well, Emma, my reply has been sent, and ere this Mr. Ashburton is a happy man."

"What!" I cried. "Oh! papa, what have you done?"

"Don't be excited, child," he answered; "here is the copy of my reply."

"MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 8th instant is just received. I feel highly honored by your proposal, and my daughter will write her acceptance at once.

"Yours very sincerely,
"EDWARD STAUNTON."

"You see, Emma, I have left all sentiment to you."

"Oh, papa," I repeated, "what have you done?"

But tears and entreaties were of no avail. Papa's dignity could not be compromised, and I was obliged to write an acceptance, which I did in the following brief lines:

"DEAR SIR,—In obedience to my father's demands, I accede to your proposal.

"Yours, &c.,
"EMMA S."

Imagine me now presiding over Mr. Ashburton's establishment. A few short weeks since a thoughtless school-girl, now addressed as "mother" by six children! One day the new gardener said to me, as I was helping myself to hot-house flowers, "Miss, your pa said I must not let your children pluck those flowers."

My greatest perplexity was with my mother-in-law. They felt a natural anxiety to know something of the character of the new mother of their grandchildren, and made various efforts to judge personally. Shortly after my settlement in my new home, I had been indulging in a forlorn feeling of home sickness; as in arranging my husband's wardrobe, I had unexpectedly found among his treasures, three locks of hair carefully preserved. One labelled, "My sainted Ellen;" No. 2, "My sainted Maria;" and the third, "My departed Susan."

"How came I," I cried, "ever to marry such a Bluebeard?"

Here Jane appeared to summon me down to see my husband's mother-in-law. An image of my own dear mother rose in my mind, and I bounded down in haste to throw myself into her arms. What was my disappointment to see a total stranger surveying me through her spectacles with a penetrating gaze?

"Well!" she exclaimed, "has Aaron really made such a fool of himself as to bring a child to preside over his house? Why, he had children enough already for one roof."

To which I mentally responded, "Too many by half."

She went on, "Really, it's enough to make my daughter Ellen wish herself back in this world of trouble——"

Seeing me in tears, she checked herself, and said, "Well, dear! What's done cannot be undone, and we must make the best of it; but I have come on purpose to advise you. I have reared ten children, all except nine, who are dead; and you cannot begin to train them too young. Have my boxes and trunks taken up to Ellen's room—she will be glad to see her grandmamma."

Human nature could endure no more, and I was about retreating from the room, on the plea of obeying her orders, when I ran into the extended arms of another mother-in-law, who had just arrived.

This one was a complacent-looking old lady, fat and good-natured, and informed me at once that "She was the mother of the sainted Maria, and had come purposely to see how she liked me for a stepmother to her little pet."

I introduced the old ladies, and left them to have their rooms prepared, and their grandchildren put in presentable order. On my return, I found them in about as amiable position as a cat and dog would have been, if shut up in the same room. Each one was asserting that all the good looks and intelligence belonged to her side of the house. The question had not the slightest interest for me, and all participation in the argument was prevented by the entrance of my husband, with an open letter in his hand. After greeting our guests, he informed me that he had just received a letter from his third mother-in-law, saying that she would arrive by the evening train, as she deemed it her duty to give his young wife the benefit of her experience of bringing up children.

No pencan describe the confused state of our mansion during the invasion of these mothers-in-law. They only agreed on one subject, and, unfortunately, that was myself. They thought I was too young; that I did not preside with dignity; that I was not fond of children, and much too fond of dress, &c., &c. Advice was showered upon me from morning until night. At the table, the six children, three grandmothers, and husband, engaged in reminiscences of my predecessor. Each mother insisted that her daughter's portrait should be added to the number.

I thought that my patience would be entirely exhausted before the old ladies took their departure. The likes and dislikes of their daughters had been rehearsed and rehearsed to me, their wishes in regard to their children frequently repeated; until one day I retired to my own room, intending to lock the door for a season of brief quiet. But the mothers-in-law were not so easily evaded. One was at my side with her knitting-work and snuff-box, prepared for a social chat. She said it was natural that I should like to hear my husband's former history, and commenced recounting the three weddings, and three death-bed scenes, and the funerals, ending with an intimation that my husband had had the three deceased ladies buried together in a semicircle, leaving places for two graves more.

"So, dear," she affectionately remarked, "you may console yourself by thinking that you are the last wife he expects to have. The table will be placed in the centre when he dies, with this appropriate inscription, "'Our husband.'"

The climax has now been reached. I had endured he trial of being the fourth wife and the birth mother to the children, and almost but my identity—but this partnership in death I could not tolerate. When the old lady, glancing at my wedding-ring, pronounced it to be the very one worn by her daughter, I angrily drew it from my finger and threw it from me, giving way to such an indignant outbreak that the old lady jerked her cap on one side, dropped a stitch in her stocking, let her snuff-box roll on the floor, and by her screams brought all the grandmothers into my apartment. Such a hubbub! Each one was trying to praise her own descendants to the detriment of the rest. I endeavored to rise and reach my own room, and the effort effectually aroused me. When I opened my eyes, a laughing eye was glancing into my face, and a loving arm thrown around me, and I was greeted with the exclamation, "Why, Emma, darling, what have you been dreaming about this bright sunny day? Why are you so excited?"

Quite bewildered, I exclaimed, "Why, Gerard, where are all the old ladies? And the portraits? And the children?"

"What old ladies, and what portraits, and children?" he responded. "I found you in dream-land in your favorite harbor, where your mother bade me seek you."

When I had laughingly rehearsed my dream, Gerard joined in my merriment, and said, "If I meet the happy Mr. Ashburton, I shall certainly challenge him."

But immediately his voice assumed a softer tone, and his eye a more gentle expression. What he said was intended solely for my ear, however. But he could not have taken a more favorable opportunity to urge his suit; and so I became Gerard's first wife instead of Mr. Ashburton's fourth.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

BY M. D.

What does he imagine I want with his "thanks?" I sent him an article, and asked him to publish it and send me a greenback. Instead of the article, I read, "Declined with thanks."

I do think that editor has the bump of penetration as *small* developed as is possible to his existence.

Now about the article. It was twenty-four stanzas, illustrative of the fallacy of hope in general, and particularly my own desolation, and told in choice and elegant diction how peculiarly subject to disappointment was the writer.

What a darling it was to me? How I nourished its slow growth, and how eagerly yet tenderly I added each line as it was born of my muse! Sometimes days would elapse before there was any addition to its size; yet still I clung to it hopefully, confidingly, and as it increased in proportions I gloried. At last it was finished. Twenty-four stanzas well rounded off.

How I loved it! What visions I saw in the future! It was to be the key to dresses without number, and presents were to be lavished on several persons whose good-will I had been vainly trying to secure for years.

It followed me in my dreams. One night I thought I was in the editor's office. He was trying to drive a bargain for it, when a rival editor entered, and, after reading, persuaded my editor to reject it. I went home in despair; when immediately there came a note from the rival editor, offering me a fabulous sum for my article, and a position as permanent contributor to his paper on similar terms. Of course I accepted, and was in the seventh heaven—when I turned on my side, and it was a dream!

But you can see how much I valued it. I read it aloud to all my friends and relatives, and they all, with one accord, pronounced it faultless, exquisite, so touching, &c., &c.

And then to be "declined with thanks." The next time he declines one of my articles he may retain his "thanks." One doesn't want "thanks" when she expects bread and butter, or the equivalent therein.

Of course it was not the editor who publishes this protest that thus proved himself incapable of appreciating a painstaking and really gifted contributor. No. I would not deign to subject myself to like indignity again. *He* will surely recognise himself when reading this; and I will add, for his benefit, that if ever again he has opportunity to decline an article of mine, he will please omit the "thanks."

If any publisher or private concern would like to purchase the article, it will be sent on reception of a bank-note of any denomination whatever.

BREACH of promise suits in England furnish the newspapers with an endless supply of entertaining paragraphs. One of the latest cases occurred in Scotland, where some months ago a Miss Agnes Brady sued John McElhennan for breach of promise, but before the case came up for trial, the matter was compromised by paying to Miss Brady a sum of money large enough to soothe her wounded feelings. Soon afterwards McElhennan's passion again bubbled up to the surface, and for a second time he proposed and was again accepted by Miss Brady. But before the marriage-knot could be tied, the swain had again changed his mind and married somebody else. Miss Brady has entered another suit, claiming $5000 damages, and this time refuses to compromise.

THINK.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts—giving them utterance only—you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless; but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write. The more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

HE who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

LADIES! By sending me ten (10) cents, I will send you a cut paper pattern of the latest style of sacque, jacket, waist, or a pattern of anything for ladies' wear. Send stamp for Hyatt's *Ladies' Fashion Journal* (sent free.) Address GEORGE W. HYATT, 27 East 14th St., New York City. July11-52t

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PAST TROUBLES.—Do not harp on past troubles. When you see a pale, nervous woman in the midst of her friends, preferring to converse with a list of the racking pains she has suffered, as a number in God's free air and sunshine, we cannot wonder that the roses refuse to dot her blanched cheeks. Why is it that to some these memories are very meat and drink? They consume them—the bitter agony is acted over and over again, the tears thrice shed, the place cherished where such a dreadful thing occurred, the scar fondly petted that tells of the almost fatal knife. They gasp over, and yet cling to them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: On the Third page, after reading matter, Seventy-five cents a line; on Seventh page, Fifty cents a line, agate measurement. Cash to be paid in advance.

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Agents are selling from 15 to 25 copies a day. Send for specimen pages and terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. may30-tf

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30th THOUSAND IN PRESS.

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by the comrade and friend, D. W. C. Peters, Brevet Lt. Col. and Surgeon, U.S.A., from facts dictated by himself. There is no true and attractive life of America's greatest HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT and GUIDE ever published. It contains full and complete descriptions of the MODOCS, and the MODOC WAR. As a work of HISTORY, it is invaluable. A grand opportunity for agents to make money. Circulars sent free to all applicants. Write for terms, territory at once. DUNTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn. Jan10-tf

$5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. Terms free. Address J. BROWSON, Detroit, Mich. ap18-13t

AGENTS WANTED everywhere.—Our New Combination Tool, Can Opener, Knife and Scissors Sharpener, Glass-cutter and Screw-driver. Sample by mail, 50 cts. Phila. Novelty Manuf'g Co., 604 Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A sooty, coarse skin on the face is anything but pleasing to look upon, especially so with ladies. By using *Madame de Rosa's Anthea*, the coarest skin can be made to glow with freshness and beauty. Anthea is the only harmless preparation in use. Price, 50c. Miller Bros., 113 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov8-ow1f

THE BOUDOIR
FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

It is pleasant to stroll through our large emporiums of fashion, in the cool of morning, now that the votaries are scattered here and there, in quest of an antidote for satiety.

Now that the followers of Mrs. Grundy (those who must have their wants supplied, no matter what the price) are absent, it is surprising to see the decline of prices.

"MARKED DOWN"

is the placard of the day, and it is not, as in many cases, a mere notice to attract the innocent, but the decline is a *bona fide* affair.

SUITS

are always the most necessary of all articles, for, like other good adages, this is true, get a fashionable, seasonable suit, and all other things can easily be added thereto.

Linen polonaises, of good material, and neatly finished, and stylish enough to wear with the black silk walking skirt which is now so much in vogue, can be purchased for $3.50. Indeed, purchasing "for a song" is a verity.

POLONAISES IN SWISS,

as ever, are considered indispensable, and these need to be made full and long, to relieve that scrimped appearance which all these goods take on, unless amply made; these are usually half tight, to be worn with sash and belt; those ready-made, finished with a fluted ruffle, edged both top and bottom with lace, command but $8 from the purchaser's purse. And thus we could go on enumerating a scale of prices astonishing indeed.

White nainsook morning dresses, $5; full linen suits, polonaise and skirt, $5; and cambric wrappers, $2.75.

REFORM IN DRESS,

even in these days of extreme heat, is attracting and demanding the attention of not a few of our sex.

Meetings are being held, and she who can produce the most perfect and desired improvement in any one article worn by women, is surrounded with a halo of glory. And we note with pleasure that the march of improvement has reached our dress, and not a few useful inventions are worthy of note.

Among them is an elastic woven undervest, to which are attached bands of less elastic material, which serve as supporters to the stockings, skirts, etc.

Also, a new garment combining a chemise, underskirt, corset-cover, habit-skirt with bosom and undersleeves, with buttons at the wrists to receive cuffs, and at the neck for a collar or ruching. It will also support the underskirt and skirt proper, thus throwing the whole weight of everything worn on the shoulder centre.

Another is a new water-proof, cut in one piece from the point of the hood to the bottom of the cloak, to which is attached an almost indescribable protector, in which it is claimed ladies can ford rivers, and yet be dry.

These and many other inventions are yet in their infancy; but now that the subject is so fully engrossing the attention of the women of to-day, we may soon hope for some vast improvement that may give us all a perfect dress—form-fitting, health-giving: freedom to chest and limbs; and then, indeed, will the millennium dawn for *tired* women.

THE TRAIN-TEARING SOCIETY

is the latest society formed, but this is by the opposite sex, and, it is said, already numbers several thousand members, and is constantly on the increase. The sole object of this society—its rules, by-laws, initiatory oath, etc.—all consist in the one item, "never to omit to step upon a woman's train, and ruin the dress whenever and always if the length of dress will permit."

INSTANT ELEVATORS,

which are now in so general use, will serve to hurt the diabolical intentions of this club, for a lady (who is ever so sensitive to the presence of an enemy) can in an instant render her dress too short to be stepped upon; and but few persons wear trained dresses on the street or in crowded places. By all means, attach elevators to your dresses.

IMITATION STONES.

We promised a correspondent, last week, to give these imitation gems a personal inspection, and the result was so favorable that we give them a general notice.

We found an imitation diamond, which it was hard to believe was not real, so perfect was it; none of the dull, hazy look of the common pebble or paste; and we find, too, that these stones have been put to severe tests, only to show their remarkable durability. Their settings are splendid, equaling the rarest of diamonds; and we were shown a ring valued at $30, which would cost in the real stone $300, and we can but say we should prefer the $30 ring and $270 cash to the real at $300.

Rubies, sapphires, and opals are all imitated to an excellent degree, and as the time is fast going by when gems are considered first-class *property*, we predict for these fine imitations a first-class market, as they come to be known and appreciated.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

COUNTRY GIRL. The prettiest rustic hat is an immense flat, without shape, only that it's round. The whole top is covered with row after row of white Swiss plaiting, or, if preferred, ruchings of colored lace, a ribbon across the top, and fastened to the sides, ties it to the head, and forms into a good protector; or elastic ribbon can be fastened to the sides and under the hair, to form it into shape.

LIZZIE AND MAGGIE. Get suits of white organdy; puff and ruffle the skirt and polonaise; insert ribbon in the puffs; by getting two or three sets of ribbons, and wearing flowers to harmonize in your hair and corsage, you quite change the tone of dress for various occasions; and the polonaise can be worn with other skirts, with good effect.

LITTLE GIRL. Get a pink watered sash, seven inches wide.

MOLLY B. Braid your hair, first making finger puffs directly on the top; coil the braid around. Have coral-top combs; insert outside the braid, either directly in front and back of the ears, or at the sides, and the larger one back of the braid. Study general contour of face and head. Long curls droop from the back.

MADAME S. Ruches of crepe, lisle, or tulle are most stylish for full dress. Plaitings of linen lawn are more durable; plaitings of colored striped cambric, or a bosom and cuffs, are worn for traveling.

ALICE ETHEL.

HORSE AND RIDER.

BY ALBERT GERVAISE.

With a glancing eye and curving mane,
He neighs and champs on the bridal rein;
One spring, and his saddled back I press,
And ours is a common happiness!
'Tis the rapture of motion—the shaft from the bow—
Like a bird—in the pride of speed we go.

There is life in the breeze, as we hasten on:
With each bound some care of earth has gone;
And the languid pulse begins to play,
And the night of the soul is turned to day,—
Beauty without and joy within,—
Oh! the might of the sounding hoof doth win.

Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now!
While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,
And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,
And naught is at rest but the arching sky:—
Oh! the tramp of my steed is swift and strong—
Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song!

RUN DOWN.

BY WM. PATTERSON.

In the spring of 1861, I shipped on board the clipper Mary, of London, bound for Australia, with cargo and passengers. The captain's name I have forgotten, but the chief officer's name was Tarbox—a very good name indeed for a sailor—and he was one, though somewhat advanced in years, and liable to be flurried in any sudden emergency.

The ship sailed pretty well, though not so fast as her build promised, and we arrived at Melbourne in due time, and discharged our cargo, and as the ship rose out of the water as she was lightened, it was found that several sheets of copper—fifteen or twenty—were gone from her bow and forefoot. The copper was replaced by a diver at a trifling expense. I was discharged from the ship, and have not seen her since, but how that copper came to be torn off, is what I am going to tell.

We had passed Cape Agulhas well to the southward, and were running down our longitude, with as much wind as we wanted, about two points on our starboard quarter, and a very heavy, but long and steady sea after us.

It was after four bells in the first watch—perhaps eleven o'clock—one very dark night, and I was walking in the waist, smoking; the mainsail being hauled up, the waist was about the warmest place I could get to, without going into the boatswain's locker, where most of the watch were, sleeping on the studding sails and spare rope. The passengers were all below, and most of them asleep, and I was having my walk on the unsteady deck all to myself, until the mate, finding the high exposed poop a rather cool promenade, came down on the main deck to get a bit warm. As he reached the main-mast in his walk, he addressed me with—

"Who's that?"

"Me, sir," I replied, giving my name.

"Where's the rest of the watch?"

"In the boatswain's locker, sir."

"All right."

We had been accustomed to get out of the way into the locker, all the passage, and no fault had been found with the proceeding, so long as we were promptly on hand when called.

Mr. Tarbox was always very friendly to me, and he now leaned up against the main fife-rail and entered into conversation. We talked for, perhaps, a half-hour, when, as the mate turned to go aft, he asked me—

"Who's on the look-out?" adding, "we're pretty well in the track of ships, just here, and ought to have our lights set such a night as this."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I should think this night was dark enough for lights to be needed, if they ever are. Andrew is on the lookout, sir."

"Very well—tell him to keep a good lookout, when you go forward; but what's that?" said the mate, pointing over the starboard bow.

I looked in the direction indicated, and answered that I saw nothing; but in another instant I did see something—a dark spot, blacker than the blackness of the night. It was another vessel, sailing along (like ourselves,) with no lights exhibited to warn others of her presence.

"It's a ship, sir," I exclaimed, excitedly; "starboard the helm, sir—hadn't you better?—we don't know how she may be heading."

I was a very young man then, and a young sailor, too, or I should not have ventured to offer advice to a mate; however, Mr. Tarbox did not appear annoyed at my breach of discipline and sea etiquette, nor did he snub me as I might reasonably have expected.

"Oh, my boy," he said, "we are clear enough of her—you needn't be frightened. Besides, the rule of the road, at sea, is to pass all ships by putting the helm aport; and if we were to—— By heaven, that sail is crossing our bow!" and raising his voice he called out to the man at the wheel—"Port the helm, there—port!"

"Port the helm, sir," came back the unconcerned response from the helmsman, and the Mary swung towards the dark object we wished to avoid, and which was now so close that I distinctly made it out to be a small bark, with her port tacks aboard and topsails set, standing directly across our path, and so near that we could not possibly pass under her stern.

"Starboard, sir, for God's sake, starboard—starboard hard—we are right on top of that fellow—starboard, starboard!" I entreated of the mate, who it seemed, though he had discovered the bark before me, yet was not able to particularize small objects in the dark so well as I could.

He was startled, and leaning over the rail, answered me, "Are you sure he's too close for crossing our bow? He don't seem any nearer than a half-mile," (we were not three hundred yards from the stranger.) "I think we've room to get round her stern! By heavens, you're right! Starboard, starboard!" (to the helmsman.) "It's too late—it's too late! Merciful God, what can we do?"

A collision was inevitable; and the Mary was a ship of 1,100 tons, and was going over a tremendously heavy sea, at thirteen knots an hour. When the order to "starboard" was given, we were within musket-shot of the bark, whose head-sails were already hidden from my view by the ship's foresail, as I stood in the waist. The order to starboard was, indeed, too late. Had it been done at first, all would have been well; as it was, the helm was not beginning to be felt by the ship, after being shifted from the port, before the affair was over.

A dull, apathetic feeling of helplessness took possession of me, and I responded to the mate's exclamation:

"Nothing, nothing—God help us!"

The bark disappeared from my sight behind our foresail; the Mary rose on an unusually heavy sea, and seemed to my imagination to almost fly ahead on her mission of destruction; and I closed my eyes and held my breath, as I instinctively clung to the fife-rail hitts and waited for the shock.

No shock came. At least, no such shock as I had expected. There was a crash no louder than the breaking of a topgallant-mast would make, a trembling of the ship; and then I distinctly felt something grating along under the ship's bottom, not very heavily nor bumping, but seemingly allowing our keel to slide along without much resistance.

I drew a long breath, as I opened my eyes and looked around. Mr. Tarbox was standing near the rail, holding on to a belaying pin, like one in a dream.

"What's that under us, sir—that scraping under our keel?" I asked, confused and bewildered as I was.

"I don't know; I feel it, too," said he, and then he sprang to the port rail, and peered off into the darkness.

No bark was to be seen. He hurried to the quarter, I following him; and we gazed anxiously and long astern and off the port quarter, vainly hoping to see or hear some sign of the phantom bark.

No sight, no sound greeted our excited senses. Whatever it was that had caused our alarm, it had passed away forever, so far as we were concerned. The helmsman, a cool-headed old seaman, named Harry, had yawed the ship as much as he dared, in obedience to the order to starboard his helm, and the ship was now several points off her course. He addressed the mate:

"What's the word, sir? Keep her course?"

"Ay, Harry; keep your course again," was the mate's reply.

"What was up there for'ard, sir?" continued Harry. "Something went—I heard it."

"Oh, I fancy we were frightened for nothing," said the mate; "we thought we saw a vessel close to the bow, but I dare say 'twas all thought. I heard that crack; s'pose we've sprung a light spar; we'll soon find out."

"We carried some spar away entirely, sir," Harry went on; "I can tell the difference between the sound of a spar cracking, and when it breaks off altogether And we've run over something—a piece of a wreck, most likely—I felt it rumbling along our bottom.

"Well, I don't quite understand it all, myself," said Mr. Tarbox; "but come along forward" (to me), "and see if we can find out what's carried away?"

Our spars seemed all right; the slender flying jibboom was in its place, and the light sticks were all aloft; no one could tell what had made the noise. The men soon returned to their nest in the locker, and I followed the mate to the break of the poop to hear what he had to say.

"This is a queer affair," said he; "it's impossible that any vessel could really have been there: we were looking out so sharp, *trying* to see vessels that we thought we *did* see one. We certainly didn't hit anything, and we should have seen the barque after she was past us, if she *had* passed. But we'll have the side-lights out—light 'em and set 'em at once."

"Ay, ay, sir," I responded; "but what was that crash?"

"Oh, there wasn't any crash; you were excited at the time, and fancied it."

"But old Harry wasn't excited sir, nor the watch in the locker, and they heard the noise, and the rumbling under our keel," persisted I.

"Well, well; we may have hit a piece of wreck just then. But go ahead and get the lights set, at once."

In a few minutes the lights were in place in the mizzen-rigging; and as I came down from the poop, after fulfilling the order to set them, I saw Andrew, the seaman who had had the look-out, step up to the mate. He was in a state of great agitation, and said, "Will you look this way, sir, please."

"What is it, Andrew," said the mate.

"We've run over a vessel—a barque, sir!" said Andrew.

"Run over a barque! what are you talking about?"

"It's so, sir," said the seaman; "that's what made the crash the men were talking about—I saw it!"

"Did you see a vessel?" demanded the mate. "Let's see; you were on the look-out—if you saw a bark, why did you not report her at once?"

"I had come off the look-out for a minute, sir, to light my pipe under the lee of the for'ard house; and when I turned to go on the to'gallant fo'castle again, I saw the barque right under our fore-foot—I saw her plain, sir—her mainsail was stowed, and she was under two topsails and foresail. She was so close, I had no time to do or say anything, and I was took all aback; I crouched down under the windlass, and it was only a second or two when I felt the thump and heard the crash, and something tumbled on our deck; and then the ship seemed to rise out of water for'ard, and I could hear that barque grumble along our bottom—we run fair over her, sir, and all hands have gone to the bottom with her. I didn't say anything about it to the men, sir, but that's what they heard and felt."

"The Old Boy himself is aboard of this ship, I believe," said the mate. "I tell you 'tis impossible that we should have run down a barque without knowing it A whale-boat under the bow would give us a heavier shock."

"Just look this way, sir," said Andrew; and the mate and I followed him to the topgallant forecastle, where he stooped down and picked up a rope, handing a broken end of it to Mr. Tarbox. "What kind of rope do you call that, sir?"

The mate examined it carefully; it was a rope of four strands, and every yarn was smooth, free from bunches, smill, and of similar size to any other yarn is the same rope.

"I should call that French rope," said the mate; "but we haven't any on board; why?"

"That rope just came on board," said Andrew; "that's the main lift of the vessel we just ran down. Look down here, sir."

He went down from the forecastle, we following him, and put his foot on a piece of wood about six feet long, lying between the windlass end and the rail; the other end of the rope we had been looking at was fastened to this piece of wood by "clip-hooks."

"What do you call that, sir?"

There could be no doubt what it was; the end of some small vessel's lowe yard—probably the port mainyard arm of the barque. We concluded that it was the mainyard arm from the absence of iron for a topmast-stunsail boom; the fore-yard would have been furnished with a boom-iron.

"I found this just here," said Andrew; "I heard it when it struck; our spars are all right; anyway, this isn't much bigger than our top-gallant yards. It must have come from the barque."

"There's something strange about all this," said the mate; "I can't understand it at all. Now look here, you wo. You are the only ones who fancied you saw a vessel—no one else in the ship knows anything about it, except that noise of a breaking spar, and the scraping unde the ship; and that wasn't heavy enough to wake up many in the ship. Now, mind what I tell you; keep your mouths shut on this matter; there is no use in making a lot of talk for nothing, and it is impossible tha we could have run over anything more than a piece of floating wreck. So you let the others do the talking, and say nothing of your having fancied you saw a bark under the bow. Pitch that piece of wood overboard, rope and all—we don't want it here. I'm going to sound the pumps, and then I fancy it will be eight bells."

And he went aft, leaving us to carry out his orders.

Andrew, who had by this time somewhat recovered his equanimity, unhooked the lift from the broken yard-arm, and threw the latter overboard; but the soft, fine rope he re-coiled up, remarking to me that he wanted that himself "to thrum a mat."

The mate found the pump-well dry; and at eight bells we went below, Andrew carrying the prize rope down and stowing it away under his bunk.

We kept our counsel, as we had been ordered to do by the mate; and, although for several days the grating noise under the keel was a principal topic of conversation, no one seemed to suspect that we had run down and utterly destroyed a vessel and her crew. The general opinion was that we had passed over a fragment of some wrecked vessel. Old Harry, who was at the wheel when the accident took place, was the only one who seemed to suspect that all was not right. He stoutly maintained that some spar had been snapped that night, and that there was a screw loose somewhere. But no mention at all of the affair was made in the log-book.

Now, observe! The noise was heard by the man at the wheel and the whole of the watch on deck, and the grating felt by many of the passengers; while not only the mate and I, but the look-out man, Andrew, distinctly saw the bark close under our fore-foot, and did not see her afterwards. But the yard-arm was a clincher, as evidence, for it was impossible that we should have broken her spar so that its end should fall on board of us, without our ship being actually over the bark's deck at the time! The more I reflect on and consider all the circumstances of the case, the more certain do I feel that, on that dark and murky night, in the Indian Ocean, the Mary crushed under water and overwhelmed a bark and her crew; and, incredible as it may appear, without alarming her own ship's company.

Mr. Tarbox professed to be skeptical on the subject of running down a vessel, until the copper was found to be knocked off, when we discharged the cargo, as before related. He then acknowledged to me that he believed we *did* destroy a bark and her crew. I feel sure we did.

PIANO LOVE.

It must have often struck many persons how active an agent, ponderous though it be on its legs, the piano is in forwarding love business. There is some curious sympathy, one would think, between piano-strings and heart-strings, which will be presently found out as the theory of the brain-waves was discovered some two or three or more years ago. This, to begin with, is developed wonderfully in the way of songs. A gentleman stands by the side of a young lady, while she warbles "Ye Merry Bird," turns over her music (often in the wrong place), and looks at her countenance.

At first, a strange sort of sensation comes over him, that this is a pleasant sort of thing, and well worth keeping up. Then he begins to feel a little melancholy. Why has he not cultivated such innocent and delightful enjoyment before? But it is too late—too late! That is to say, he is almost afraid it is too late. On further reflection, however, he begins to wonder if it really is too late? He is not so old—say twenty-five or so last birthday—he is not utterly used up—a little of the freshness of the heart very probably lingers yet under the rust—and, in short, the matter is, on the whole, worthy of considerable calm investigation.

In nine cases out of ten, to pause in this way is to be lost. That rapturous voice, showering out melody; that curved throat, throbbing at every high C; that face and those eyes settle the business in the very next minute. He is steeped head and ears in love.

A gentleman and lady who have fallen in love over the piano, (as the old people fall asleep over the candle,) usually court a great deal in the same fashion.

He, having all at once taken an immense interest in music, spends now a quarter of an hour every day at the music-shop window, looking out for new pieces, where before he would have considered it a most culpable waste of time, to have expended a minute.

Now he buys so many sheets of polkas and schottisches, that the shop-keeper wonders if he is about to set up in the business for himself.

But this extravagance is, in reality, only a regular phase of the patient's insanity. It can no more be accounted for than physicians can account for a rabid dog's unreasonable objection to water.

Next—but in an early stage of the disease—a favorite must be selected—that is to say, the lovers mutually agree to fancy one particular composition, and to think of each other intensely (a sort of mesmeric concentration of mind) whenever it is played.

Perhaps a simple-hearted pair may have fixed their souls upon "We have Lived and Loved Together," or "We'll Never, Never Part," and as they are singing the latter, will thoroughly believe the words they are breathing, apply truly to themselves.

HOME INTERIORS.—Domestic miseries cannot always be concealed by the victims of them; they lie open to the gaze of all who cross the afflicted threshold. But they do not concern the outer world, and the outer world has no right to look on them. Visitors should not see them, even when their dismal forms come boldly into view; and visitors should bear off no memory of them to exhibit to others. The joys of a household may be proclaimed far and wide; its weakness, its affections, its sorrows, and its miseries possess a bitter sanctity that every sensitive and honorable soul will religiously respect.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of grouping men, and all the science and progress of ages—will soon be given over to boys of the present age—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The presidents, kings, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future—all are boys now.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—Would you have influence with those who look to you for guidance and instruction? Bear with you the law of kindness. Would you command their respect? Let your words, though they may inflict pain for the time, drop kindly from your lips.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates, insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Night Thoughts—Jennie's Answer—Books—Remarks—Scotland—At the Last—"Ever and Ever"—Bessie's Vow—Pride and Passion—Under the Greenwood Tree—"Oh, Smile Again!"—A Peace Offering—Myths—Clarence's Mistake.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS

HOUSEKEEPER. If you will sprinkle powdered borax freely over the shelves and floors of your closets, you will find, we think, that it will have the effect of driving those "horrid" cockroaches away.

LITTLE BEAUTY. To clean gloves, damp and stretch them on a wooden hand, and sponge them over with either oil of turpentine or camphine. You may add a little essence of lemon to destroy the smell.

QUERIST. "What is the meaning of the letters S. S., which you so often come across in legal documents?" They are the abbreviation for the Latin word "scilicet," which means, to wit, namely, being understood.

ALICE. According to the Census of 1870, the native-born population of the United States numbered 32,091,142; foreign-born, 4,567,229, and the largest number of foreigners was in the State of New York, viz., 1,138,253.

TRAVELER. By an act of Congress, passed at the end of last year, the English sovereign was declared to be deemed equal in $4.8614 mills American gold, and that this valuation was to be from the 1st of January, 1874, the "par of exchange" between Great Britain and the United States.

INQUIRER. The State having the largest area in the United States is Texas, which has 274,356 square miles; the smallest is Rhode Island—square miles, 1,306. The largest Territory is Alaska, having an area of 577,390 square miles, and the smallest is the District of Columbia, having an area of only 64 square miles.

E. S. V. "To remove iron moulds," rub the spots with a little powdered oxalic acid, or salts of lemon and warm water. Let it remain a few minutes, and rinse well in clear water Another way is to wash the spots with a strong solution of cream of tartar and water. This must be repeated, if necessary, and the articles dried in the sun.

ANNIE S. We do not remember ever to have met with the word in question, which you want explained, and which you say you saw in some poem you were reading. There is some poetry that none but an enthusiast can read, and that requires such a high pressure of steam to get over the lines and words used that we have often had to give up the attempt in despair.

AN OLD FRIEND. From reading over your letter, we come to the conclusion that the gentleman (?) has not compromised himself in any way, and that he all along meant to avoid any offer of marriage. He never had any serious intentions, and it has been merely a flirtation on his part—a heartless one, too, as all such flirtations are. You had better think no more about him.

TO CONTRIBUTORS. We must request that when MSS. are sent to us, they should be prepaid fully, for we are not disposed to take from the Post-office packages on which postage is due. The number which are sent to us is an evidence of carelessness on the part of contributors in this matter of postage, which, though a small one to the individual writer, to us as publishers is a serious loss. We hope that this oversight will be avoided in the future.

J. C. "In setting the first domino for a game, does any domino count five or ten, except the five or double five?" According to Hoyle, who is the acknowledged authority on games of all kinds, "If the one who leads can put down any domino, containing spots that amount to five or ten, such as the double five, six-four, five-blank, trey-deuce, etc., he counts that number to his score in the game."

A LOVER OF THE POET. A few grains of camphor kept in your bureau drawers will keep away the moths from your clothes. 2d. For the black spots on your face, make a solution of strong soap-suds, and mix with it a small quantity of whiskey or other spirituous liquor, with which bathe your face every night. 3d. We cannot assist you in the matter, as we have no control over the operations of nature. 4th. Hair light brown.

M. A. S. "Will you please give me the receipt for a good cement for an Aquarium, one that will stand water, either salt or fresh?" We think you will find the following an excellent Aquarium Cement: One part, by measure, of litharge; one part plaster of Paris; one part fine beach sand; one-eighth part fine powdered resin. Mix all well together, and keep dry in a well-corked bottle. Whenever required to be used, make a paste or putty of it with boiled linseed oil, and dry quickly.

BERTIE. We really should not like to take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising you, who are a perfect stranger to us, what you should do to "earn your own livelihood and be independent of your friends." The desire is a very proper one, but it is precisely those "friends" whom you ought to consult in the matter, and who could better advise you than we could possibly do.

W. H. G. The only really safe and efficacious method of curing a tendency to stoutness is by reducing the quantity of the usual food, increasing the exercise, and reducing the hours of sleep. This should be steadily adhered to until the reduction in weight is one or even two pounds a week. When you get it down to that, be satisfied, and do not press it beyond that figure, or it will most certainly injure your health.

A. B. E. "Can you suggest any cure for styes?" Put a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a small bag, pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it, and then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning, most likely, the stye will be gone; if not, a second application will be certain to take it away. Styes arise from impurity of the blood, and no permanent cure can, therefore, be effected by a mere external application. The blood should be kept in a healthy condition by taking some rhubarb or magnesia.

MECHANIC. A very useful black varnish, one that is used largely for hair-pins, fish-hooks, etc., is also excellent for applying to those parts of machinery which it is desired to keep clean without a too great expenditure of labor. It is made as follows: Add to two pounds of asphaltum (fused in an iron pot) one pint of hot boiled linseed oil. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, remove from the fire, and, when cooled a little, add two quarts of oil of turpentine. Apply with a paint or varnish brush.

SALLIE, (Germantown.) We can give you two recipes for removing freckles, and you may try them both, and let us know sometime how efficacious you find them to be. One is, half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, two drachms of lavender water, and half a pint of distilled water. The mixture should be applied with a sponge, two or three times a day. Another is, one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, and half a drachm of sugar. Mix these, and let them stand a few days in a glass bottle, till the liquor is fit to use, and then rub it on occasionally.

LOUIE M. "I am sadly troubled with pimples, and in despair come to ask if you can tell me of anything that will take them away." A friend of ours once gave us the following remedy, which she said proved efficacious in her own case. Simply bathe the face every morning, for about fifteen minutes, in very hot water, and then rub slowly, with considerable pressure, with a rough towel, pressing out the hearts of the pimples. For a time your face may possibly look worse than ever, but if you persevere, this treatment will, it is claimed, entirely remove all eruptions. Avoid all rich food.

LONGBEARD asks: "How long should a young man pay attention to a young lady before he proposes to her?" There are no rules and regulations which lay down the length of time that a courtship must be carried on before it can be permitted to reach the culminating point. The only point to be remembered is that no man or woman should bind himself or herself to another without first thoroughly understanding the great responsibility they will be taking upon themselves in doing so, and also having a perfect knowledge of each other's characters.

M. E. W. There are two old proverbs that apply particularly to your case, and to which we would venture to draw your attention, viz.: "Between two stools you will fall to the ground," and "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." You were decidedly very indiscreet, putting the matter in the very mildest light we can, in accompanying the second gentleman to a place of amusement, at the very time you were considering and had not definitely replied to the offer of marriage which had been just made you by another.

O. B. M., (Omaha, Neb.) There are various theories as to "where meteoric stones come from." Some suppose that they are driven with such force from lunar volcanoes that they are driven within the earth's influence, and so, by attraction, drawn to its surface. Others, again, are of the opinion that the meteoric bodies, whether gaseous or mineral, are to be found, in certain stages, in the earth's orbit, and that whenever it enters those stages, showers of meteors, of various elements in combination, are to be calculated upon.

HARRY. "When two ladies and a gentleman are walking together in the day-time, and come to a place where it is necessary for one of them to give way, or go ahead, or fall behind, whose place is it to do so?" Of course it is the gentleman's duty to take the matter in hand, and to engineer the ladies through the difficulty in such a manner as will save them all annoyance possible. If he can do this best by going ahead, he should go ahead; if he can do it best by standing back, or at one side, while the ladies pass, he should take his position and act accordingly. 2d. Always precede a lady when going up-stairs, and follow her when going down, unless you are escorting her by giving her your arm.

M. E. S. We can only repeat what we have already said in another part of this department, that when it happens the parents are opposed to an engagement, and the lovers have made up their minds to marry, as in your case, submission for a time is always graceful. Obstacles may be overcome by manly openness and candor, while a little patient waiting will test the stability of lovers, until they are justified in marrying without that consent they have so respectfully asked for. But, above all things, do but for a moment entertain the notion of running away and getting married. A clandestine marriage is seldom, if ever, productive of happiness, and too often results in wretchedness and misery.

FRANCES. We think the gentleman has proved the sincerity and the constancy of his love for you beyond all doubt, and that in consideration of this you should "forgive and forget," and take him "for better or for worse." You say you find that your former love for him is not extinguished, but that it has survived all these long years, during which you have had no rest from the "dreary, dreary routine of school-teaching." Now that a happier future is opening out before you, we think you would be wrong in allowing any little resentment, which you might have felt years ago, to stand in the way, and to have any influence on the decision you have to make on the gentleman's offer.

LOUISE S. Don't use camphor water, or indeed any other lotion, no matter how popular or how strongly endorsed by your druggist, for the purpose of cleansing and restoring your hair. The safest, and indeed the only liquid we can recommend, is pure water, and white Castile soap the only soap that should ever be used. Never use perfumed soap, as it will only injure the color and the growth of the hair. With such long hair as yours, you must wash it once a week, or you will find it anything but a "crown of glory," or a blessing, or a sign of beauty. If you find it is falling out, you should have your head rubbed vigorously twice a day, the hands being dipped in cold water every little while during the rubbing process and the comb used as little as possible. In this way the roots of your diseased hair will be strengthened and get new life, as it were, into them, and you will soon perceive the benefit arising from it.

UNHAPPY. We think you are needlessly making yourself miserable, in fancying that because you and the gentleman to whom you are engaged have quarrelled, that therefore he does not love you. That lovers quarrel is proverbial. Persons in love with each other quarrel about things that they would never think of quarrelling about if they were not in love. And still their love is real and sincere. It is no evidence that people are not sincerely in love because they quarrel. This may be accounted for, in part, upon logical principles. We expect so much from those we love that we are easily disappointed by any little thing which seems to indicate a lack of full and perfect reciprocation. Although quarrels are, as we have said, not incompatible with true love, still they should be avoided. We are told of the sweetnesses of reconciliation; but sweeter far is the love that is never marred by harsh words that make a necessity for reconciliation.

TUSCUMBIA